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TWO sous, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and a wound badge were all he had in his pockets—and he hung himself on a war monument lately dedicated to the unknown dead by Premier Poincaré. He, too, has joined the ranks of the unknown dead, and he chose a fitting place to end his life. If he had been an American he might well have chosen the steps of the office of the Veterans' Bureau. The committee hearings degenerated into a contest in personal abuse, and the public, sickened, lost interest. The investigators and those whose conduct of office they had been investigating seemed to have forgotten the purpose of the bureau. We should hear fewer pleas for the miscellaneous bonus if ex-service men had any conviction that we were really doing our part by the men who were and are disabled. A general cynicism is natural, however, when it is discovered that the captain of a university football team is on the rolls of the disabled men receiving doles.

A SELF-CONFESSED Russian murderer sailed into New York the other day without a current passport and yet had no trouble from the immigration officials. He was Prince Youssopoff, and if he did not have a valid passport he had a slip of paper which, he said, was a diplomatic pass dating from the good old days of the Czar. As the Berengaria steamed down the harbor the prince could look across at the red roofs of Ellis Island. He probably did not know that several hundred compatriots of his were locked up in one room on that island waiting for Washington to decide whether they might be admitted or not—and had been waiting in that room, without toilet facilities and without screens, for weeks. But then, they were third-class passengers, peasant women and Jews, and he was a prince, and, if a murderer, a good counter-revolutionary. If Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson were alive to see that contrast in the republic they helped found, they might think another revolution necessary.

COMPTROLLER CRAIG'S sentence to sixty days in jail for contempt of court ought, as we said last week, to be the starting-point of an effort to take away from judges this medieval and autocratic power to try, convict, and punish according to their personal spleen or whim. Certainly all alleged contempt committed outside of the courtroom ought to be brought within the criminal law and made subject to trial by jury. The proposal to investigate the judicial record of Judge Mayer, or the assumption that this judgment was unusually unreasonable, is poppycock. Judge Mayer's action can be matched with all too many others; it has caused wide protest merely because Mr. Craig happens to be a victim of unusual prominence. Had he been John Doe or Richard Roe—as ordinarily—the New York newspapers would not be printing columns on the incident, nor would politicians be concerned. Their interest is not in justice but in personality. We are too much given to upholding archaic trumpery in our courts in order to preserve what we ridiculously call the majesty of the law. The majesty of fiddlesticks! Law is an infringement upon human liberty and a violation of individual sanctity; it is justifiable when the community interests urgently require it and the common will upholds it, but it is never anything but a pitiful compromise—a necessary, unmajestic evil. It is time to introduce common sense into our court proceedings, to cease to regard our judges as sacred cows. The right of trial by jury was supposedly won 700 years ago at Runnymede, but there are still some glaring exceptions. Decency and democracy demand that we gather them in.

WHILE the press and politicians of New York are making a great to-do about violation of free speech in the case of Comptroller Craig, they are notoriously indifferent, with a few honorable exceptions, to the fact that

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thirty-two men have spent five or more years in federal prisons—*and are still there*—for exercising this constitutional right during the war. We agree with Ralph Chaplin that the defenders of our liberties in connection with these men have been too humble. We should cease to petition President Coolidge, and instead demand the vindication of our fundamental law by the release of these men. And if Mr. Coolidge fails to act promptly, then a bill should be introduced in Congress to end this monstrous injustice. To talk about the majesty of the law in the face of such defilement of it is the most hypocritical buffoonery. It is time that every man in public life be called upon to take a stand on this question. Those who fail to demand unequivocally an end to this barbarism and illegality ought never to be permitted to utter the word freedom again without having it thrown back in their teeth.

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, president of the National Civic Federation, is at it again—this time with an impassioned defense of the "capitalist press." We commented last week upon Senator B. K. Wheeler's able reply to Judge Parker's attack upon the Senator's favorable report upon conditions in Soviet Russia. Senator Wheeler said: "I feel that my opinions are based on facts and not on the mendacious propaganda that fills the capitalist press and which you so smugly indorse in your letter." Judge Parker replied that his sources were the same as those of Secretary Hughes and Presidents Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge—which we are sure Senator Wheeler would not doubt—and continued:

> You insinuate that the "capitalist press" is our sole source of information. Your meaning is clouded. . . . You know very well that the press of our country, including nearly all the great newspapers, has freely published all the interesting and important official Soviet documents they could get hold of. . . . Even the papers most violently accused of being against the soviets, like the New York *Times*, have . . . taken the lead in that direction.

And more of the same. Judge Parker seems to regard the New York *Times* as a model of newspaper fairness. There is an obvious test to apply. How much of Judge Parker's attacks on Senator Wheeler did it print, and how much of Senator Wheeler's reply? After a careful search of a file of the *Times* and consultation of its index department we find that on October 31 it printed seven inches of the Parker attack; that it suppressed Senator Wheeler's reply entirely; and that on November 24 it printed six inches of Parker's reply to the reply it had not printed. Could bias go further?

IT is encouraging to learn that Circuit Judge Harry Fisher has granted a writ of mandamus compelling the city of Chicago to issue a license to Mrs. Helen G. Carpenter to establish a birth-control clinic. The city authorities, be it said to their shame, refused such a license, and plan, it is said, to appeal from the decision. In the absence of a law in Illinois against spreading birth-control information, Judge Fisher ruled that such propaganda was not immoral or contrary to public policy. He said:

> It is earnestly contended that knowledge of methods of contraception would remove, to a great extent, the only restraining influence against sex immorality on the part of unmarried women. The fear of resulting pregnancy is said to be a great deterrent to immorality. If this were true, it would be sad to contemplate the weakness of our moral sense.

IN our issue of November 14 we commented upon Secretary Hoover's speech on superpower before the chairmen of the public-service commissions of eleven States, saying that his ideas were excellent from the engineering standpoint but socially shortsighted because he proposed to turn great possibilities over to private companies for exploitation, and the economic saving would go not to consumers but to stockholders in corporations. Mr. Hoover's secretary writes to say:

> I beg to inform you that at no place has Mr. Hoover ever suggested that the savings from superpower development should be turned over to the power companies. If you will take the trouble to read his address in full you will observe that the entire statement is directed toward savings for the consumer. Any tyro in public regulation knows that its very essence is to secure just such savings for the consumer.

If we were in error in assuming from Mr. Hoover's words that he was thinking of private rather than government development of superpower, then we owe him an apology. But the stress that he placed upon "public regulation"—which his secretary reiterates—suggested that he could have in mind only private ownership. If Mr. Hoover stands for private ownership, but thinks that nevertheless the economic saving can be preserved to the consumer through "public regulation," then we differ with him. The most that such control has usually accomplished has been to mitigate outrageous gouging. A greater saving may result from private than from public ownership, but only an uncertain part of it goes to the consumer.

WHEN is Mr. Hughes going to recall from Brazil Admiral Vogelgesang and his "diplomatic mission" of thirty-eight naval officers? Dr. Samuel Guy Inman reports in the useful weekly *News Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association that he found in South America that it was having "an exceedingly bad effect." "In Argentina," he added,

> Naval officers and others again and again told me that no other construction could be put on our sending the naval mission to Brazil than that this country desired to sell war material not only to Brazil but to other South American countries—for of course we must know that to increase Brazil's navy meant that Argentina and other countries would increase theirs.

The expected has happened. Argentina, which, as Dr. Inman reports, boasted at Santiago that she had not spent any money on armaments since 1911, and that she had two school teachers to every soldier, has just voted $98,000,000 for military purposes to meet the Brazilian expansion. And for this terrible business South America holds us and our naval mission responsible.

ON the day the Court of the Canton of Vaux took up the case of the assassination of Vaslav Vorovski, Soviet envoy to the second Lausanne conference, by Maurice Conradi, a Swiss engineer, and his accomplice, Paul Polonnine, the curtain was rung up on one of the most amazing farces in the history of jurisprudence. The seventeen-page *acte d'accusation* presented by the state prosecutor read, according to the correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, more like a newspaper article excusing the prisoner than an indictment. He was commended for his "valiant conduct" during the Russian civil war, and it was emphasized that "his goods had been requisitioned—nationalized if you

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will," and that "it is said that his uncle had been shot and an aunt had been massacred." The fact of the killing seemed not to be in dispute. The murder was forgotten while the court became the scene for denouncing the Bolsheviki. Mlle. Edith Conradi, cousin of the prisoner, "simply dressed in a dark-blue costume with a black hat, told of her pitiful experiences." M. Croisier declared that "if Conradi had asked him for money to assist him in committing the murder he would willingly have provided it." Polonnine asserted he was ready to continue the fight against the "Reds," even on terrorist lines. The defense made the point that the Bolsheviki had perpetrated many assassinations, and personified Conradi as "liberator of the world's conscience." The jury voted five to four for conviction, but the Swiss law requires a majority of six, and so the verdict stood that to kill a Soviet official is not murder.

IT is good news that Gerhart von Schulze-Gaevernitz is coming to the United States to lecture. Germany has too often sent to this country representatives of a past with which Americans have little sympathy. Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz has long fought for liberalism in Germany, in his sympathetic studies of contemporary England and in his advocacy of a peaceful policy of free trade, as a popular lecturer at Freiburg University and as a member of the Reichstag. During the war he courageously opposed the Belgian deportations and was singled out for abuse by Ludendorff. Since the war he has continued to plead, from his post on the edge of the Black Forest, for sanity. He is a worthy successor to Count Harry Kessler, a true people's ambassador.

NICHOLAS I, the "Iron" Czar of Russia, feared attempts upon his life. In 1835, before going to meet Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, he composed a letter of instructions for his son, who later became Alexander II, the grandfather of the last czar. That letter became historic in the Romanoff family, and its doctrine was a sort of Romanoff gospel. We sometimes forget, in ready denunciation of the bolshevism which we refuse to recognize, the nature of that czarism with which we maintained such cordial relations. For instance:

> When everything shall be brought in order command the Council to be summoned to you, and declare that you absolutely require the preservation in *everything* of the existing state of affairs, without the smallest infringement. . . .
>
> At the beginning, when entering into affairs, ask how things were being done before you and do not change in anything, either persons or methods . . . and then, *Rule.*
>
> Be gracious and confiding to the troops and take care of them, but do not allow in the service what was not permitted formerly.
>
> Guard your sisters; love them tenderly; do your best for their future fate, uniting as far as possible their weal with the advantage of the state, of which they are the property.
>
> Never give the Poles their own way; strengthen what has been begun, and try to complete the difficult task of the Russification of this province, by no means weakening in the measures that have been taken.
>
> Go forward boldly. Great is the God of Russia.

ANOTHER proverb has been disproved. More than a few do die; now and then one even resigns. Of 435 candidates elected to the House of Representatives a year ago fifteen have already died. Three, moreover, have resigned. Of ninety-six Senators elected or remaining for this Congress, three have died since election. Law-making seems to belong among the extra-hazardous callings like mining, aviation, and housebreaking; we advise life insurance companies to accept no Congressman-elect as a risk. We have been wondering why we wait a year after the people have expressed their divine will before putting it into effect. Perhaps the above statistics contain the solution of the mystery. There are even cynics who insist that a longer interval, say five years, between election and the convocation of Congress, might offer a still greater advantage.

THE award of the Nobel Prize for literature to William Butler Yeats must be a source of genuine satisfaction to all lovers of literature. He is not, like Benavente, a mediocrity for whom international trumpets have been blown; neither is he a writer whose works have the sort of *actualité* that commends them to the attention of the cultured crowd. He is a poet, primarily and even in his plays a lyrical poet. Nor are his strains loud and superficially compelling on the one hand, nor sophisticatedly and calculatedly original on the other. His idiom and his music are his own. But they are always the idiom and the music of essential poetry. That he is, by the consent of the judicious, the chief living poet of the Irish nation may have had something to do with the award. We prefer to believe that it was given out of a genuine appreciation of those murmuring and undeviatingly exquisite strains, that noble if not always full-bodied imagination, that deep, instinctive vision of the arts that compared them

> to venerable things
> God gave to men before he gave them wheat.

THE career of Dr. John Clifford, who has just died at the age of eighty-seven, vigorous and active to the last, shows that it is possible, even in these days, for a minister of religion to be a zealous champion of progressive political and social causes without falling short in any of his spiritual functions. Mr. Lloyd George once described him as the best fighting man the English Free Churches had turned out since Oliver Cromwell. In election campaigns the organizers of the Liberal Party would sometimes receive, from all parts of the country, more requests for the services of Dr. Clifford as a platform speaker than for those of any but the most popular of politicians. He led, in particular, the "passive-resistance" movement of those Nonconformists who refused to pay the local taxes imposed by the Balfour Government for the support of schools which gave a religious teaching according to the doctrines of the Established Church. But Dr. Clifford's labors in the public field did not prevent him from ministering for over fifty years to the spiritual needs of a large London congregation, and during the whole of this period not a jarring note disturbed the harmony between pastor and people. Having had to leave school at the age of eleven, to work in a lace factory sometimes for sixteen or even twenty hours at a stretch, he never lost his sympathy with the victims of the industrial system, and his Liberalism was far removed from that of the laisser faire school. It was characteristic of him that one of his last public utterances was an impassioned protest against the contempt for idealism expressed in Lord Birkenhead's rectoral address.

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The Most Distressful Country

NEWS from Germany is a hodge-podge of political, economic, and human distress. Where the Germans appear to see hope—in the prospect of an Anglo-American loan—there is no real hope. How could sane financiers lend money to a country in such utter chaos, with a relentless enemy in possession of its richest territory?

The Rhineland and the Ruhr are still in process of dropping away from the Reich. The process is twofold, the French soldiers and the selfish German industrialists joining to effect the same end. It is the correspondent of the London *Times* who writes of the Rhineland:

> The country is at the mercy of a set of crooks, cranks, and jailbirds who exploit it for their own profit in the name of an independent Rhineland. . . . They have issued reams of paper money without any backing so that the financial chaos is far worse than it has ever been in unoccupied Germany. They rob and requisition with impunity; they terrorize all persons of any position who try to stand up against them. The French maintain a pretense of neutrality but actually give the Separatists a free hand to commit any violation or illegality they like. They make it quite clear to loyal Germans that they can escape at any time from their present plight by throwing over the Reich.

What wonder, under the circumstances, if the weary Germans have failed to pitch the Separatists into the Rhine? Is it not rather a wonder that they have not yielded to the temptations which the French so sedulously spread before them? When men have been out of work for weeks and months, and their wives and children face them day after day with pinched, hungry faces they are likely to chase any passing rainbow.

In the Ruhr, where a few individuals control the great industries, the surrender to France has been made. Whether it can be fulfilled remains to be seen, but Stinnes and Thyssen, Wolff and Voegler and Krupp have signed agreements promising to do for France what they refused to do for their own Government. Their treaty with the French is almost a promise to pay a capital levy to an alien enemy. Eighteen per cent of all the coal and coke they produce they promise to the French; and in addition an export tax on coal and $15,000,000 for arrears in taxation. If these men, instead of opposing every step toward the "policy of fulfilment" of treaty obligations, had only cooperated with their own Government there might be less misery in Germany today. Implicitly the agreement recognizes the legality of the occupation, although the French agree to submit their claim for payment of the costs of the occupation to the Reparation Commission. Sir John Bradbury, the British member of the Reparation Commission, says that the agreement would secure a minimum for France and nothing for any one else. When it comes before the Reparation Commission there may be more fireworks.

Meanwhile in Berlin Dr. Stresemann has fallen from office almost unnoticed. He never really ruled. The industrialists forced him to announce the abandonment of passive resistance when he found that he could no longer pay them the wages for their men, and they thereupon took up the reins and negotiated with the French as sovereign independent nations, without so much as a "by your leave" to the political government of their country. The world-wide trend of economic forces to overshadow the old forms of political government was never more marked. Nor did Stresemann govern even in unoccupied Germany. He did not dare give orders to Bavaria; when he did they were neglected. During his regime Bavaria fell away as a constitutional part of the Reich and ceased to obey its edicts. It was not Stresemann who overthrew the Socialist-Communist coalition governments in Saxony and Thuringia, but the Reichswehr, whose leaders acted, like the Ruhr industrialists, without awaiting his approbation. Again the constitutional basis of the republic was ignored, and if the Reichswehr does not represent industrial monopolists directly it is none the less a class organ of the reactionary land-owning and manufacturing classes.

Meager dispatches report that General von Seeckt, commander of the Reichswehr, has ordered the dissolution of the Communist Party, of the "ultra-reactionary Nationalist Party," and of the Hitler "National Socialist" Party. The Berlin correspondents, with their old absorption in political events, have cabled whole columns about the political crisis but have failed to cast light on this really significant proceeding. What Nationalist groups did von Seeckt order dissolved? They do not tell us. Certainly not the Nationalist Party, monarchist though it is, for a day later Ebert is reported conferring with a leader of that party about the formation of a new Cabinet. The order to dissolve Hitler's forces is obviously a farce, for von Seeckt does not control the Reichswehr in Bavaria, where Hitler's forces rally. Von Seeckt, acting as dictator, has acted against the Communist Party. Its headquarters, and the office of its Berlin daily newspaper, the *Rote Fahne*, have been, the correspondents tell us, "literally cleaned out." Its funds have been confiscated, and its meetings and papers prohibited. We do not doubt it; the Communist Party, weak as has been its leadership, has become, while the Socialists were debating and disagreeing, the effective organ of working-class opposition to a monarchist dictatorship in Germany; and the necessary preliminary to a dictatorship of the Right is its suppression.

Today the German working class is politically and economically impotent. Unemployment has broken its economic strength, and its leaders have shown extraordinary political ineptitude, even apart from the fact that for them to share in the Government today might mean the final act in the separation of Bavaria. Ebert, the saddler-president, is reported to have offered the premiership to Dr. Hergt, the Nationalist leader. Hergt refused; and Dr. Albert, a politically colorless man, is to take his place.

What can Dr. Albert do? It is reported that he will carry on a policy of conciliation with Bavaria, will attempt to negotiate with the Allies without recognizing the legality of the Ruhr occupation, and will look for loans from abroad. But he cannot conciliate Bavaria without alienating still further the German working class; he cannot retain any real hold on the Ruhr while the German industrialists are yielding to the French; and it is impossible to believe that loans will be forthcoming in Germany's present plight. Decisive help can come only from without; and with England in the throes of an election and the United States still splendidly isolated it is difficult to see whence it may come. For the time being the French can continue the dismemberment of Germany; and if the result be a violent Nationalist movement that will sweep Germany and lead to armed resistance who but France will bear the blame?

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Factories of Public Opinion

HOW far modern newspapers can go in distorting facts and manufacturing public opinion is pictured in a recently published booklet on "labor terrorism" in Chicago in 1922. The average newspaper reader probably remembers a succession of dispatches from Chicago a year ago last spring in which it was revealed that "a reign of terror" had been inaugurated by the unions in the building trades because of dissatisfaction with the Landis wage award. The city had been experiencing a series of crimes of violence, but they had regularly been attributed to "bandits," "gunmen," and other newspaper heroes until two policemen were murdered on the night of May 9-10. Then suddenly the character of Chicago's crime changed. The public was informed that the policemen had been killed by "labor terrorists," and presto, bandits and gunmen disappeared! Thereafter all crime was attributed to union vengeance and sabotage. The police raided the headquarters of the Building Trades Council and arrested everybody there. Some 200 persons were indicted, and the labor leaders, Shea, Murphy, and Mader, were promptly brought to trial, the chief of police declaring that he had a "wagon-load" of evidence against them. Later, thinking this scant, he increased it to "three truck loads."

At about that point the memory of the average newspaper reader begins to falter. He doesn't remember who was convicted or how many. Somehow the great sensation disappeared from the first pages, to be superseded by newer events. The one thing which sticks in the average newspaper reader's mind is that there was a reign of "labor terrorism" in Chicago in 1922; of that he is sure.

When the Chicago newspapers first began to play up the reign of "labor terrorism," George W. Whitehead, an Illinois journalist, believing the whole scare to be fictitious, decided to keep tab on their articles. In a booklet entitled "A Newspaper Frameup" he now shows, on the basis of what the newspapers themselves printed, how misleading and mendacious their publicity was. A week after the murder of the two policemen a fine apartment house, not yet completed, was burned. The newspapers announced under scare heads that the building had been in course of construction "under the Landis award," and that the fire was spite work by the dissatisfied unionists who had refused to accept that arrangement. The Chicago *Tribune* even quoted a resident in a neighboring building as having heard somebody announce that there would be an explosion in a minute and then shout: "To hell with the Landis award!" Later on this newspaper printed inconspicuously on an inside page a statement by the police—which few readers noted—that all the workers on the building had been union men and that the fire had been set by boys.

In ways like this the idea of "labor terrorism" was worked up and all Chicago was made to believe it, fearing and hating unionism accordingly. And then what happened? What became of the 200 indictments? Not a handful of them even came to trial. The chief of police's "three truck loads" of evidence disappeared. Not only were Shea, Murphy, and Mader acquitted, but a notorious thug without any connection with unionism, so far as the facts have been made public, was convicted of the murder of the two policemen. But of all this the public, especially outside of Chicago, heard little or nothing. Out-of-town editions of the *Tribune* did not even record the conviction.

A newspaper frameup? We do not altogether agree with Mr. Whitehead in this estimate. A good many well-informed persons believe that there was some violence, due to the building trades unions, in the wake of the Landis award. Anything else would have been a miracle in normal circumstances—and the circumstances were not normal. Shea, Murphy, and Mader were unsavory characters, and some intelligent Chicagoans think it possible that the man finally convicted was the victim of a conspiracy. But the course of the Chicago newspapers is not bettered by these circumstances. Quite the contrary. There was, and is, a great story the facts of which they have never printed. If there was "labor terrorism" they failed to prove it, playing instead to the gallery of popular prejudice and hysteria without evidence. There was no conspiracy among Chicago newspapers to inaugurate a reign of "labor terrorism." The trouble is that the news service of the average American daily is not directed toward ascertaining facts or recording modern history. Its two great aims are to play up current sensations and to support the editorial policy of its owners. The idea of "labor terrorism" was beautifully in line with both of these purposes. It supplied a novel angle for the reporting of crime, and it hinged with the editorial policy of enmity toward unionism. Nobody knows who first suggested "labor terrorism" in connection with the murder of the two policemen. But a mere suggestion was sufficient for every newspaper in Chicago to pounce upon the idea. The newspapers played it up to the police and the police played it back to the papers. Public hysteria was stimulated; editions were sold. The facts were left for historians to mull over after they no longer mattered.

What Is the Press?

NOT long ago there was held in London an Imperial Press Conference which attracted a large number of representatives of the newspapers of the overseas Dominions. After they had been hospitably entertained for some days at a succession of luncheons and dinners, at which the chief speakers were various prosperous publishers—mostly peers, baronets, and such like—one of the visitors inquired when they were likely to have a chance of meeting a few working journalists. The question was significant of a radical change that has affected more than the British press in recent years. Half a century ago the most prominent personalities at such a conference would have been men who could not have written a big check with the certainty of having it honored but whose pens were day by day wielding no less influence than the voices of the most eminent parliamentary leaders. Today not brains or character but money and the flair for making it are the chief assets of those who count in the British newspaper world. Lord Rothermere, Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Edward Hulton, Sir William Berry—what conspicuous national services have these men rendered to justify their being regarded as worthy guides of public opinion? It would be absurd to mention them in the same breath with, say, J. A. Spender, or H. W. Massingham, or A. G. Gardiner, three journalists of international reputation, each of whom, through the vicissitudes of the newspaper market, has recently lost his editorial chair.

Those who were most antagonistic to the public policies of Lord Northcliffe had to recognize that he possessed at

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any rate the qualification of being a master of his own profession. He had worked his way up from the lowest rung of the ladder, and there was no editorial or literary function in any of his offices that he was not competent to discharge. But your Beaverbrook or Rothermere would fall down on the most elementary assignment given to a cub reporter. His power is simply the power of the purse, coupled with the same knack in financial deals as that which makes fortunes on Wall Street. He speculates in newspapers as a climber of different tastes speculates in oil or copper.

The one gleam of hope in the present situation is the doubt—humiliating though it must be to any journalist to have to express it—whether the influence of the daily press is not generally overestimated. There are multitudes of readers to whom the morning or evening paper is scarcely more than a rival to the movie as a means of relieving everyday existence of its dulness and monotony. They buy it not to learn the latest developments in national or international affairs, still less to reflect upon such editorial comment as may be offered upon them, but rather to be thrilled by some sensation of the underworld or to follow the course of sporting competitions whose ups and downs they are unable to watch in person. In England as in America the evening papers in particular are catering more and more to the appetite for sport. Lord Haldane, in a recent lecture, related that one Saturday, after a long, tiring day and a tiring journey, he had wanted to see the news. He asked a newsboy for a paper. "Football or otherwise?" asked the boy. "Otherwise," replied Lord Haldane. "And so," he added, "I got the day's racing news."

The electoral history of Great Britain, like that of the United States, affords ample evidence that a huge circulation by no means implies a corresponding influence in molding public opinion, and that successful political propaganda is not dependent upon support in the daily press. Who could have forecasted the Labor gains at the last election on the basis of the comparative sales of the prosperous *Daily Mail* and the struggling *Daily Herald?* La Follette swept Wisconsin, as Reed carried Missouri and the Farmer-Laborites Minnesota, against an almost unanimous press.

There is good reason, indeed, for believing that a politician who wishes to influence the electorate through the press will find it more remunerative to cultivate the weekly than the daily field. Many people who are accustomed to cast aside the daily after a skimming of the headlines on their way to or from the office or the store give the weekly the benefit of what in comparison is a detailed and careful reading at home. *La Follette's Weekly* is a tremendous power in Wisconsin and, to take a totally different type of man and journal, Horatio Bottomley long exercised through *John Bull* a domination—there is no other word for it—over the minds of hundreds of thousands of British readers such as could not be claimed by the proprietors or editors of even the most widely circulated dailies. At the zenith of his power he could send a nominee of his own at a by-election down to a constituency with which neither he nor his candidate had any personal connection, and could get him returned to Parliament as a spokesman of Bottomley.

The labor press grows slowly and costs dearly; in the weeklies lies almost the only hope of a counterbalance to the kind of mercenary speculation which reached its culmination in the recent Beaverbrook-Rothermere-Hulton deal and brought the British press more than ever under the control of a small group of self-seeking reactionaries.

Barnum and Cook

DR. COOK has been sentenced to serve twenty years in prison for his share is a particularly flagrant Texas oil swindle, and a great many persons are indulging in lofty moralization.

Now it seems to us that a great injustice is being done the doctor. After all, Dr. Cook is perhaps this century's greatest faker, and in a country which worships at the shrine of advertising and accepts any oil speculator who succeeds he ought to receive some recognition. If Barnum is a national hero, why not Frederick A. Cook? Dr. Cook might appropriately be made the hero of a great national saga. He too was a poor boy who advertised his way to fame. He began selling fruit in Fulton Market; he peddled milk—and in the course of time he was decorated by the King of Denmark, given an honorary degree by the ancient University of Copenhagen, granted the freedom of the City of New York, and entertained at a monster dinner at which Admiral Schley presided and many men now living who would prefer to remain nameless joined to do him honor. He made a small fortune in advertising an ascent of Mt. McKinley and a trip to the North Pole, neither of which he had ever taken, and after he had been thoroughly exposed, he returned to fame as author of a series of articles explaining that he was not really sure whether he ever did get to the Pole or not.

> Place any man [he wrote] in the conditions which surrounded me, the love of life which only the proximity of death can work coloring his mind and causing him to reach a state of mental unsoundness, and he will believe with the fervor of a great unreasoning faith the pleasantest thing in his mind, the thing that will give him hope.

It does not take the proximity of death to reach that state of mind, Dr. Cook. It is the great American state of mind. We believe what we find it pleasantest to believe. Mr. Bryan denies evolution because he thinks it would be unpleasant to believe his ancestors kin to the ape. We make a religion of hope. The people who buy the sunshiny magazines that deny the realities of the world should not find it in their hearts to abuse Dr. Cook for persuading himself to believe the pleasantest thing in his mind.

Phineas T. Barnum won fame by exhibiting Joice Heth, "a Negress 161 years old, who formerly belonged to the father of George Washington," a "preserved Fiji Mermaid," and the famous woolly horse ("He is extremely complex—made up of the elephant, deer, horse, buffalo, camel, and sheep, . . . the full size of a horse, has the haunches of a deer, the tail of the elephant, a fine curled wool of camel's hair color, and easily bounds twelve or fifteen feet high . . . undoubtedly 'Nature's last,' and the richest specimen received from California"). Tastes change. Joice Heth and the Fiji mermaid might have failed to draw crowds in 1909; Dr. Cook's bogus explorations did not fail. But exposure meant nothing to Barnum, and much to Dr. Cook. Barnum prided himself on his reputation as master-deceiver of the public; his phrase "One born every minute" became a national slogan. Dr. Cook, instead of laughing at the world, tried to make more money out of whimpering. There may be more joy in heaven over one penitent sinner, but this earth hates the breed. Dr. Cook might be forgiven his oil swindle—lesser men than he have "got by"; he can never be forgiven his apologies for fooling us.

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England at the Crossroads

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, November 16

ONE can pay a high price for political incapacity, dulness, and shortsightedness, and England is paying that now. No one can hear the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, address the House of Commons without being attracted by his pleasant voice and personality, his straightforward method of speaking, and his obvious sincerity. Also one cannot hear him without being amazed that a man who has plainly little strength of personality or force of character should have been placed in the foremost political office in England. It is not enough to be a nice man; not enough to take the duties of your high office with genuine conscientiousness. To conduct the affairs of state other qualities are requisite or the results will be disastrous. England is today paying several kinds of prices because there was no one the Conservatives could hit upon as the successor to Bonar Law except this pleasant gentleman and business man, who had no more distinguished himself during his service in Parliament than did Warren G. Harding during his term in the Senate of the United States.

So England has found itself in the hands of one who in foreign affairs, in a most critical moment in history, could neither play a great and strong role nor prove himself a strategist and statesman—who seems to be molded by those he is with—witness his extraordinary *volte face* during his interview with Poincaré. In domestic affairs he has suddenly undergone a complete change of heart. The terrible plight of the unemployed in Great Britain—no worse than it has been for several years—has suddenly weighed upon him so heavily that he finds himself compelled to devote all his thought to it. That thought produces the remarkable belief that this unemployment, which he himself but a short time ago correctly believed could be cured only by a restoration of Germany and the rest of Europe to the normal processes of life, can now be remedied only by the final abandonment of England's historic policy of free trade. It makes no difference that this remedy at best cannot be put into effect for months. It does not move the Prime Minister that, according to his own lips, the industries he seeks to protect would not, if revived by his medicine, absorb more than 140,000 of the 1,500,000 unemployed. No, his conscience tells him that this is the remedy and his conscience will not let him apply it without an express mandate from his fellow-countrymen. It is an honorable conscience and as such is to be respected, but it is a genuine misfortune that in this case an honorable conscience is coupled with extraordinary dulness.

Undoubtedly it has been one of the great advantages of the British parliamentary system that a Prime Minister could dissolve a Parliament on short notice, go to the country, and quickly obtain a mandate as to a given policy. It has always seemed a better arrangement than our rigid system, under which Congress must live out its legally constituted life, can adjourn only by act of its members, and can be called in extraordinary session only by act of the executive. So I am rather surprised to find British radicals and liberals envying us this rigidity. They have, many of them, a feeling that Baldwin's conscience has, by a remarkable coincidence, begun to work just when his Government is at a hopeless impasse—I mean hopeless for a mentality of the type of Baldwin—in foreign affairs and when many astute politicians know that an election now will find the Labor Party and its trade-union supporters at a low ebb financially, quite unable to undergo the expense of fighting another general election. There are even some who suspect that Mr. Baldwin, finding that there is no royal road out of either foreign or domestic difficulties, has deliberately sought dissolution in the hope that the duty to govern may fall to Labor with a resultant failure and loss of public confidence. That theory is quite too Machiavellian. Rather, it assumes a political astuteness and farsightedness I cannot associate with Mr. Baldwin, and it ignores the indisputable fact that the ins rarely if ever deliberately turn over to the opposition the power and privilege of governing.

No, England is plainly paying for the Baldwin type of mind. So it has been plunged into a three weeks' campaign to discuss what one member declared the other day to be the most momentous issue brought before Parliament in his lifetime, save only the question of entering the war. If we Americans have groaned over the length of our presidential and congressional campaigns and envied England the shortness of her appeals to the electorate for fresh mandates, here is an appalling briefness of period in which to discuss any issue as complicated, as far-reaching, and as vital as that of protection *versus* free trade. Three weeks! Why, there will hardly be time to produce campaign literature and have it printed and circulated among the constituencies before the time will come to go to the ballot-box. Since the British press is less than ever before inclined to print extensive arguments, the reliance must more than ever be upon the spoken word. For this three weeks is an incredibly short time; the only merit of its brevity is that it will make the burden of expense lighter upon those who have the least money.

How then are the parties going to fare? Well, the bulk of opinion inclines to the belief that, despite its lack of funds, the Labor Party will lose none of its total number of seats and may even gain as many as thirty—most optimists say twenty. For it the situation is complicated because an admirable courage and consistency have made it place at the forefront of its campaign the proposed capital levy. It is not in Ramsay MacDonald's nature to sidetrack a party plank because that would be politically expedient. Many a politician would have glossed this over with the easy public assurance that it is not the issue of the hour, but something to be taken up at a more promising time. More than that, the Labor Party has declared for all its old platform and has declined to cooperate with the Liberals, although by doing so they might together easily give Baldwin an overwhelming defeat. Instead, the Labor Party has refused, in its own words, to permit the red herring of protection to divert it from the steady and consistent pursuit of its larger aims and general program. That is a phenomenon not often witnessed in these days. There is genuine danger that this may cost it dearly, for both Conservatives and Liberals are going to work the specter of a capital levy for all it is worth. Already there are advertisements appearing in the London dailies telling you how and where

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to invest your money to escape the loss of capital through the proposed levy.

As for the Liberals, I hardly think that any readers of *The Nation* are permitting themselves to be surprised at the reunion of Lloyd George and of Mr. Asquith. There never was any real breach of principle, and these two men, so accustomed to seeking office, can hardly live without the chance of victory and power. Americans who remember how readily the quarrel between Roosevelt and Taft was made up will certainly not be greatly puzzled in observing the burying of the hatchet by Lloyd George and Asquith. Should by any chance the Liberals be asked to form the next Ministry, the question whether the greatest of political acrobats would serve under Asquith and whether Asquith could again take the chance of being knifed in the back by his supposedly loyal lieutenant would become a really burning issue. Today the Liberals are confident that they are going to win many more seats. Their closed ranks will by themselves assure them successes, and they are hopeful that many of those voters who deserted them last year for Labor will now find their way back. They appear not to be worrying about funds, and they have a righteous economic cause, with many historic slogans to fall back upon. They are magnificently equipped with brilliant platform speakers, while the Conservatives have nobody of force and distinction and power to campaign for them—even Lord Birkenhead is too heavy a load to carry, though his ability and attractive personality make him a very effective debater. Friends who have been traveling over England for the last few weeks tell me that there is extraordinarily little response to Baldwin's catchwords and that even some of the manufacturers who might expect to benefit from the proposed tariffs are not at all in favor of a change.

It is then only the Tories who can lose seats. They have nothing, or next to nothing, to which they can point with pride as the result of their conduct of the affairs of the country. A growing number of Englishmen are aware that never in the memory of the present generation has British prestige stood so low on the Continent. A growing number, if a much smaller one, realizes that if Great Britain cannot take the lead in bringing about a settlement of the European entanglement another war is the inevitable outcome. The business man, so far from feeling grateful to Baldwin, is ordinarily damning him for not letting well enough alone and for upsetting business. Baldwin himself cannot electrify anybody in the Lloyd George manner, or arouse intense enthusiasms. Yet I find very few people who do not think that Baldwin will continue to be the Prime Minister. The Conservatives can lose a hundred seats and still dominate, though they would have to rule as a minority and would hardly be in a position to force through their proposed tariffs. When it comes to opposing government measures there will be no reason why Labor and Liberals should not vote together against Baldwin. Hence there is actually the possibility of another election in 1924. In fact one of the shrewdest political observers I know looks forward to a series of elections for some years to come.

At present Labor does not, of course, wish to win sufficient seats to have the right to form the Ministry and rule. They will not be in the least down-hearted if they stand still, for they realize well that they need more experience and more parliamentary training. They want to acquire a great deal more knowledge about a good many things. Eager as they are to aid the unemployed and to get their plans for social regeneration and reform under way, they are content to wait. They know that to take office and produce no vital results would be to go under a cloud for years. They are not anxious to have to extricate the country from the foreign mess into which it has drifted since the war.

One gets, after five years' absence, a fresh feeling of the vitality and determination of this great people and of its courage. There are few evidences in the London districts the ordinary visitor traverses of the strain upon the country. Unemployed processions are at an end. One no longer sees masked officers playing hand-organs in order to get the money to live. After Berlin there seem remarkably few beggars. There is an extraordinary amount of rebuilding going on in London—some streets like Regent Street have been almost entirely reconstructed, because of the falling in of ground leases and the abundance of capital available for building operations. The housing schemes are working well, and the Government insists that 1923 will be the most satisfactory year in its record of new homes begun and of those completed. It is the unemployment doles, of course, beggarly as they are, which keep the unemployed off the streets—perhaps also in hopeless resignation.

But the menace of the workless is there. No country in this situation is in anything else than a most dangerous state. Hundreds of thousands are actually forgetting how to work and, what is worse, thousands and thousands of young persons of both sexes are being turned out of school at sixteen only to find it impossible to obtain employment. If the habit of regular work cannot be instilled in them by the time when they are twenty-one, what chance will there be of creating it thereafter? The Government has undertaken a number of enterprises for temporary relief, such as the questionable plan to build seventeen new cruisers, but all that these proposals will accomplish is pitifully little compared to the total number of unemployed. What Mr. Baldwin and the Die-Hards fail to see is that there can be no real relief until the lost foreign markets are restored. That means grappling with France. For that, it is maintained, public opinion is not ripe—a pleasant euphemism with many for the fact that the Beaverbrook and Rothermere press is opposed to this policy. So neither a Liberal leader nor a Labor nor a Conservative one makes the speech that ought to be made every day. That is left to one who is half an outsider—General Smuts. And the Government drifts—which may result in its finding itself suddenly some fine day in a worse hole than it now thinks possible.

But the people would not follow any vigorous policy against the French? Well, if you had stood with me near the Cenotaph at Whitehall on Armistice Day and witnessed that wonderful silence which reduced so many to tears; if you had noticed that these pilgrims to that shrine of love for the wasted dead were not of the ruling classes but the relatives of the private soldiers; if you had observed in addition their earnestness and devout reverence at the afternoon meeting in Trafalgar Square, with its call to righteousness and to a renewal of faith and a rededication to the ideals which the leaders of the country during the war pretended were those for which England was fighting, why then you would have come away with a certain belief. And that is that these plain people of England would rise tomorrow to any policy which would prevent that new catastrophe now so clearly impending—provided only those in authority tell them all the facts and point the only, the Christian way, out.

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The Filipinos' Side

By MAXIMO M. KALAW

I. Independence

PHILIPPINE life centers upon three main things: Independence, Wood, and Rubber.

Independence was the battle-cry of the soldiers of Aguinaldo in the memorable struggles of 1896 and 1898. Independence was on the lips and in the hearts of Filipino revolutionists when they refused to surrender to American arms after President McKinley had decided to retain the islands. True, in the fateful years that passed after the defeat of the Filipinos in arms—when the force of American sovereignty reasserted itself and all signs of resistance to America had to be suppressed—the cry of independence was not heard in the fields of Luzon, or in the mountains of Visayas, or in the wilderness of Mindanao. Yet the feeling was there just the same, dormant, latent, inarticulate, only awaiting another opportunity for vigorous expression. The Philippine Commission, the then governing body of the islands, had passed a sedition law, prohibiting any agitation for independence. No political parties could exist which favored independence. As soon, however, as the ban was lifted, as soon as the sedition law was repealed and the people were allowed to express their feelings freely, protestations in favor of independence were again heard everywhere. Parties advocating the granting of independence were established. Some used such expressive phrases as "immediate independence" and "urgent independence." The party which had placed in its platform the idea of permanent annexation to the United States and ultimate statehood—the Federal Party—was, in the elections of 1907, completely snowed under. Out of the eighty seats in the lower house, or Assembly, it secured only sixteen.

Since 1907 independence has dominated the politics of the Philippines. Advocates of permanent annexation have never since been able to hold any elective office. The Nacionalistas, who had routed the Federalists on the issue of immediate independence, for a long time asserted that the defeat of the party would be the defeat of the people in their struggle for independence. On that ground they maintained themselves in power for fourteen years.

Local issues on which there should be honest differences of opinion among public men cannot be developed because the overshadowing question is independence. The politician and the demagogue still appeal to the people and the voters with the old-time harangue on independence. Self-criticism, which should be the greatest factor for social reform, cannot be indulged in, for immediately imperialists and retentionists would get hold of the defects of the people and expose them to the American nation as an argument against independence. A hypocritical situation exists and will continue so long as independence remains unsolved.

II. Wood

The next feature of the situation that must be reckoned with is Wood—statuesque Leonard Wood. Before him, Francis Burton Harrison reigned for six years. And before Harrison five other American governors had succeeded one another, beginning with William H. Taft. To Taft is given the credit of establishing civil government in the islands. He became unpopular with the Americans in the Philippines when he enunciated the policy of the "Philippines are for the Filipinos" and stood against the exploitation of the people. He did not, however, entirely please the people, for he was against early independence. His successors followed in his footsteps—the policy of developing the natural resources, the building of schools and roads, and the enforcement of sanitary measures. The Filipinization of the civil service and the expediting of independence were not given emphasis, so that when Harrison came he found a people strongly agitating for independence, for greater autonomy, for more Filipinos in the service. Relations between Americans and Filipinos were very much strained. He delivered a famous address on the Luneta in which he announced a new era. He said that henceforward the Filipinos would control not only the lower house but also the upper house; that there would be Filipinization in the service; and that every step would be taken with a view to hastening independence. He made good his word. He asked for the resignation of many American officials and put Filipinos in their stead. He gave the Filipinos in the Government greater control of their affairs. He asked Washington that the Philippines be given participation in the European War so that the question of independence might be brought up at the peace conference. He recommended in his reports to both President and Congress the granting of independence on the basis that there was a stable government in the Philippines.

Such was the state of affairs when Wood came. With the triumph of the Republicans, the Filipinos were afraid lest the autonomy granted them under the Harrison regime be withdrawn or greatly reduced. But they believed that Wood would be the best possible man if a Republican had to be sent. He was already in the Philippines at the time as member of the Wood-Forbes mission to investigate conditions in the islands.

Wood's inaugural address was, from the Filipino standpoint, a good deal better than the Wood-Forbes report. He spoke of a government through the representatives of the people in the legislature. The first months of Wood, however, were disappointing to the people. He had a different concept of the Governor Generalship from that of Francis Burton Harrison. Harrison reigned, but did not govern. He tried to follow the preamble of the Jones law which would give all the powers of government to the people except those which might impair American sovereignty. He left every domestic affair in the hands of the people or their representatives, and took active leadership only in matters which pertained to external affairs.

Wood seemed to have a different concept of his duties. He would reign and also govern. He considered his position primarily as a great administrative office, directly controlling every town of the Philippines. He would not admit that the cabinet was in any way responsible to the legislature, but only to himself. He would have direct supervision over all offices in the executive departments. Finding that Harrison had given much discretionary power to executive heads—all Filipinos with one exception—he surrounded himself with a number of what are called extra-legal experts, mostly army officers.

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Naturally, this attitude was not favorably received by the leaders of the people. During the first year of Wood's reign, the Nacionalista Party, which had hitherto controlled 90 per cent of the votes and the seats in the legislature, was threatened with a split. The two leaders, Manuel Quezon and Sergio Osmeña, got into a heated controversy on party leadership, the result of which was that Quezon separated from the Nacionalista Party and formed what he called the Colectivista-Nacionalista Party. Wood found this opportunity to exercise many of the prerogatives of a supreme administrator. There was, naturally, disorganization among the Filipino element in the Government, which favored Wood's contention. Many laws were passed which had not been studied carefully. Wood then made a tremendous use of the veto power by vetoing sixteen bills. Francis Burton Harrison seldom if ever vetoed bills, on the ground that the legislature representing the people should exercise practically all domestic powers and should be allowed to pass the bills it wanted.

The elections of 1922 came. Three parties went in, and they came out with almost equal shares, not one of them controlling a majority of the lower house, which was made up as follows: Colectivista-Nacionalistas (Quezon's party), 32; Democratas (opposition), 26; Nacionalistas (under Sergio Osmeña), 21. The Colectivista-Nacionalistas and Nacionalistas formed a coalition. The former (Nacionalistas who had seceded under the leadership of Manuel Quezon, president of the Senate) had a bare majority in the Senate, so with the Colectivista-Nacionalista coalition in the House, the members of the former Nacionalista Party were in power. One of the reasons why the leaders agreed upon a coalition was that they feared the inroads of Wood upon Filipino autonomy.

The first bone of contention between Wood and the coalition leaders was the selection of his cabinet. He insisted on naming his cabinet as he pleased. He announced that he would have a cabinet in which all parties would be represented. He would thus eliminate party responsibility in the Government. The coalition leaders were naturally opposed. They insisted that party responsibility must be assured and hence the cabinet must be chosen from the members of the party or parties controlling the legislature. After some months of discussion Wood yielded to the leaders. He eliminated the Democrata Party from participation in the eabinet. He appointed three Colectivista-Nacionalistas and retained two old Nacionalista members.

Another policy Wood had to tackle was the economic one. The previous regime had embarked on an ambitious economic scheme. It was predicated upon the proposition that there was not enough private capital in the islands, and to avoid too much domination by foreign corporations the Government should engage in enterprises which private capital could not or would not carry on. Development companies were established like the National Coal Company and the National Cement Company for the purpose of exploiting the natural resources of the country. A National Development Company was created, intended to be the mother company of every other development company and authorized to engage in business and agricultural enterprises which private individuals were yet unable to tackle. The Manila Railroad Company was bought from the English. A Philippine National Bank was established, controlled by the Government.

From the beginning Wood, as well as Secretary of War Weeks, expressed opposition to the Government's business activities. They wanted the Government to withdraw from business enterprise. One of the first proposals of Wood was to lease the Manila Railroad Company to a New York corporation. There were vigorous protests from all parts of the islands. The administration of the railroad was not a failure. On the contrary, it was a business success. In the last five years of private ownership, from 1912 to 1916, inclusive, the loss from operation was 769,657.74 pesos (a peso is half a dollar). From 1917 to 1921, inclusive, the first five years of government ownership and management, the profits of the road were 1,121,608.56 pesos. In 1922, from January to October, inclusive, the profits from operations were 2,090,606.53 pesos. Fortunately by law the Governor General could not sign the lease alone. The consent of the two presiding officers of the legislature was required. In obedience to popular demand, these two refused to sign the lease, and Wood—although he had all the papers ready for signature—had to withdraw the proposition.

Recently, he wanted to close the National Bank, which had financed most of the sugar mills of Negros, spending a great deal of its capital in their establishment and upkeep. Governor Wood was encouraged by the fact that the National Bank had been badly managed. He also wanted to sell the sugar mills to foreign investors. Again the people cried out. They do not want foreign capital to control their economic life. They do not want the National Bank closed. They do not want the sugar mills sold to foreign investors.

The fact that Wood had yielded several times to the leaders did not mean that he had changed his ideas as to how he would govern. He yielded only when the law did not clearly permit him to act alone. He still maintained the idea that he was the supreme administrator; he still claimed that his cabinet members were simply his agents. He would not agree that the cabinet should follow the policies of the legislature or its leaders. The broad discretion given by Harrison to his departmental secretaries was nullified.

The recent resignation, therefore, of the council of state and the Filipino members of the cabinet did not come as a surprise to those who knew the situation. In fact, much against their wishes the leaders tolerated Wood for more than a year simply because they thought that they could win him in favor of independence. It seemed that he had led them to believe that he was in favor of independence and that all he wanted was to establish "an efficient government"; once that was accomplished, he would be willing to testify to the American people that Philippine independence was the next thing in order. This must have been the reason why he was able to rule for more than a year and a half with a stern hand. But the leaders became skeptical as to his promises. They feared that his confidential promises for independence had for their main object to take back more and more power already granted by the previous Administration to the Filipino people, or their representatives.

The leaders, therefore, awaited an opportunity for a "show down." The case of Patrolman Conley of the Manila city police appeared to be such an opportunity. By the administrative code, a patrolman could be dismissed by the mayor with the approval of the secretary of the interior, both Filipinos. The two latter charged Conley with bribery. They failed to establish their case in court, but the judge said that Conley's conduct was not becoming a

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public officer and had justly created public distrust. Administratively, that would have been sufficient ground for discharge. But Wood stepped in and pronounced himself a defender of Conley. He had been suspended pending the trial, and Wood determined to reinstate him as against the desires of the mayor and the secretary of the interior. The secretary of the interior agreed to reinstate Conley under protest, but upon his reinstatement resigned. The mayor did not agree to reinstatement, and also resigned. The members of the cabinet and the council of state thought that it was time to show their objection to such interferences by the governor; hence their resignations.

That is a brief history of the recent political tempest in the Philippines. Will it blow over and leave Wood unscathed? Time—and Washington—will tell.

III. Rubber

The third great aspect of the Philippine situation is Rubber—elusive and elastic rubber. Yes, rubber, and back of it are great manufacturing establishments in the United States. Their attitude is that of most American business men interested in the islands. American manufacturers are eagerly hunting for rubber. So far England has monopolized its production, and is willing to squeeze the last farthing from them. Congress has appropriated half a million dollars for the investigation of places where rubber can be grown and produced under American auspices, free from English control. Rubber is no longer an experiment in the Philippines, for in the island of Basilan there is a big plantation under American management which is producing the same quality that is produced in English colonies. But American capitalists fear independence. Secretary of War Weeks himself, according to a United Press dispatch, was reported as saying that American capitalists would be willing to invest in rubber in the Philippines if independence could be delayed for some reasonable time!

American papers in the Philippines even reproach the Filipinos for their apparent indifference or opposition to the investment of American capital in rubber plantations. They want the Philippines to cooperate with the United States. But by cooperation they probably mean exploitation for the benefit of the United States, to the detriment of independence. The Filipinos also want cooperation, but not exploitation. They do not want to cultivate rubber at the expense of independence.

After the protestations of disinterestedness from responsible Americans, it would seem awkward at this time, when the Filipinos have taken the word of America at face value, for any of them even to suggest the possibility of holding the Philippines a minute longer for the benefit of any class of Americans. Have they forgotten the vaunted promises of the late President McKinley that the Philippines were "ours not to exploit, but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government"; or the famous phrase of William H. Taft when he was Governor of the Philippines, that the "Philippines are for the Filipinos"; or the expression of President Wilson that "America is not the owner of the Philippines, but simply a trustee"; or the pledge of Congress itself when it passed the preamble of the Jones law declaring that it was "never the intention of the people of the United States, in the incipiency of the war with Spain, to make it a war of conquest or for territorial aggrandizement"? And now, will independence be delayed just because the rubber interests want to develop plantations in the Philippines?

At this time when the United States champions the cause of mutual understanding among peoples, of common councils, of round-table conferences to discuss and decide frankly and openly their mutual problems and differences, it does seem strange that she cannot pursue and act upon those very same principles in the Philippines. The Philippine Government sends missions to the United States, representing the people, with full powers and authorized by law to discuss all matters touching independence and the relationship with America. What these Philippine delegations receive is not even a frank conference, a round-table discussion, but evasive answers. The late President Harding told them he did not know when independence might come—how soon or how far distant. The Filipino people, through their legislature, insist that the condition required by Congress as a prerequisite to the granting of independence, to wit, the establishment of a stable government, has already been fulfilled by the people. This is not denied, and yet no step is taken toward the settlement of this problem, when every possible consideration—social, political, and economic—demands the earliest possible solution.

What is needed is not investigating committees to go to the Philippines. The Republican regime sent the Wood-Forbes mission. It returned facts suited to the ideas of Wood and Forbes. Should a Democratic Administration send a mission, it would find facts suited to democratic ideas. The vicious circle can continue forever. At this stage of Philippine development, investigating committees do more harm than good. What is wanted is an actual attempt at a statesmanly solution of the problem. No action can be statesmanly or can hope for a happy solution which ignores the fact that the Filipinos are already an organized people with a government representing them. They must, therefore, be dealt with through their organized Government. America herself has established that Government, representing and speaking for the whole people. A commission on independence has been created by the legislature with powers to discuss the problem with the United States. If that is not sufficient, the Filipinos have proposed, with the consent of the American Congress, to call a constitutional convention to discuss their future relations with America and to draft the constitution of the future Philippine republic.

Why should the American Government ignore these facts and insist on finding what Philippine Richard Roe and John Doe want by sending special missions to the islands? By what principle of government is it decreed that one or two men—no matter how God-gifted they may be—can better know the needs and represent the desires of eleven million people than the very officials whom the people themselves choose every three years in what Wood himself calls peaceful and orderly elections?

Why cannot the American Government appoint its own commission, composed of representative men from Congress and the executive departments, to meet with a similar representative commission of Filipinos and discuss the independence problem? If America is frank enough to say that she needs some products of the Philippines, that she would like to retain some harbors or naval stations, that she wants rubber plantations, I am sure that the Filipino people will not deny her any reasonable request short of the non-fulfilment of her pledge to them.

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The Monroe Doctrine—Killed in Its Home

By ERNEST GRUENING

ON December 2, 1823, President James Monroe delivered to Congress a message in which he enunciated the principles which have come down to us as the Monroe Doctrine. Its one-hundredth anniversary is being made the occasion of a "restatement" of that doctrine by various public men. Elihu Root once remarked: "It must be remembered that not everything said or written by secretaries of state or even by presidents constitutes a national policy, or can enlarge or modify or diminish a national policy." But while the written and spoken words of our highest office-holders may not greatly change our national policy, their less conspicuous deeds often do. The sanctity of the Monroe Doctrine has, with minor variations, been pretty generally preserved in the spoken word of almost every President and Secretary of State for a century. Mr. Hughes's was made plain in his recent address before the American Bar Association. There was in the doctrine, he said, "no hint, much less threat, of aggression on our part."

> The policy of the Monroe Doctrine does not infringe upon the independence and sovereignty of other American states. Misconception upon this point is the only disturbing influence in our relations with Latin American states. . . . We desire the independence, the unimpaired sovereignty and political integrity, and the constantly increasing prosperity of the peoples of Latin America. . . . We covet no territory; we seek no conquest; the liberty we cherish for ourselves we desire for others; and we assert no rights for ourselves that we do not accord to others.

This position coincides fully with the intent of Monroe and of his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, who, more even than his chief, was the intellectual author of the Monroe Doctrine.

The doctrine was enunciated at a moment when Europe's reactionary forces had stifled revolutionary movements. Monarchism was enthroned and viewed the New World experiment with republican forms of government and democratic principles with as much alarm as Mr. Hughes now views the proletarian experiment of Russia. The European background of the Monroe Doctrine may be gauged by the provisions of the treaty adopted by the Congress of Verona in November, 1822, that "the system of representative government is as incompatible with the monarchical principles as the maxim of the sovereign people to the divine right"; and "it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the press is the most powerful means used by the pretended supporters of the rights of nations to the detriment of those of princes." With these premises the "high contracting powers" engaged mutually "in the most solemn manner to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative governments, in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known." Freedom of the press was also slated for a short shrift.

At that time most of the Latin American states were still struggling to free themselves from the Iberian yoke. Their independence had not yet been acknowledged. Were they to be reconquered the United States, still relatively feeble, would be menaced by Powers profoundly hostile to all our national experiment represented. The Monroe Doctrine, which has since become a national policy, was therefore embodied in the following passages of the President's message:

> In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. . . .
>
> We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . .
>
> The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the right and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent position which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.

What was clearly implicit in this doctrine was that the United States believed in the right of peoples, however feeble, to declare themselves independent and to set up their own governments as they saw fit, precisely as had the thirteen colonies. Nor was there, despite our own abhorrence of reconquest by the medieval continental governments and our living apostolate for republicanism, a distaste for a monarchical government per se, provided it arose or seemed to arise from the will of the people. The Washington Government never shuddered at recognizing "Emperor" Iturbide as the first head of autonomous Mexico, and for three-quarters of a century maintained as friendly relations with the Brazilian empire as with neighboring republics. The idea which apparently dominated the men who had grown up in the atmosphere of "independence" was the national right to set oneself up in business politically and to remain safe from aggression. Mingled with this were economic motives, such as the desire for trade in this hemisphere.

Our essential attitude was expressed by Jefferson, who as early as July, 1791, in an instruction to Short, our minister to Spain, had written concerning our attitude toward alleged designs on the West Indies:

> Whenever jealousies are expressed as to any supposed view of ours, on the dominion of the West Indies, you cannot go farther than the truth in asserting that we have none. If there be one principle more deeply rooted than any other in the mind of every American, it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest.

This note has been repeatedly stressed throughout our foreign history. There have, it is true, been departures

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from it. The acquisition of Florida was a slight violation, but that territory was empty and had no established local or national aspirations. The taking of Mexican territory by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was a thorough violation of the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. Nevertheless, this doctrine was again invoked by Seward to force the withdrawal of the French armies keeping the Napoleon-imposed Hapsburg archduke, Maximilian, on the Mexican throne. Other minor departures from the Monroe Doctrine were the acknowledgment of British sovereignty over the Falkland Islands and over Belize, which, however, may fairly be said to have been controversial issues. In the Venezuelan dispute, Cleveland and Olney spiced the Monroe Doctrine with a new note of belligerency, the latter declaring: "Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition"; but our threat here was designed to prevent an encroachment, fancied or real, by Great Britain upon Venezuela. It was not a move from which the United States benefited directly, nor an implication of our right to use our power for selfish ends.

The Spanish War precipitated a radical departure from the Monroe tradition in that, for the first time, it interfered "with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power." In addition by taking Porto Rico we violated the idea of non-conquest. The Teller resolution stipulated our obligation to respect Cuba's integrity, but it is commonly accepted throughout Latin America that "free" Cuba is no more than an American colony.

From then on the United States veered rapidly away from the doctrine of James Monroe. Whatever may have been the departures from the policy in the first three-quarters of a century of its existence, they were occasional, unrelated, determined by special and peculiar conditions. In the last twenty years on the other hand they have increasingly become part of a fixed policy. President Roosevelt "took" the Panama Canal Zone, as he himself put it, "while Congress was discussing it." President Taft sent our marines to Nicaragua and they have been there ever since, holding in office a government which derives its sanction from the just consent of two American banking houses. President Wilson, who in his war message on April 2, 1917, declared that the United States was fighting "for democracy, for the right of all those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations," had conquered Haiti in 1915 and Santo Domingo in 1916 without sanction other than his own will. And in 1920 the Republican Party, while making through Mr. Harding a solemn preelection pledge to rectify this "wrong," has still further destroyed the vestiges of autonomy of the second-oldest independent nation in this hemisphere.

Mr. Hughes may declare solemnly, as he has before, that we have no intention of infringing on the sovereignty of our new Caribbean acquisitions. Yet an examination of the successive applications of force and trickery, culminating in the National City Bank's loan which rivets the occupation in Haiti at least until 1952, merely suggests the wide discrepancy between the words and deeds of our public servants. Indeed this curious dualism is the essence of the new policy. There is, on the one hand, the officially spoken denial that it exists; on the other, the evident fact of its steady progress. There is the solemn exchange of diplomatic courtesies in the grand manner of dealing between equal and sovereign nations; there is the smiling, cynical awareness of diplomatic officials and concession hunters revealed in private conversation. Beneath the white glove of official hand-clasping and behind the benevolent mask of friendly cooperation are the iron hand of military pressure and the hard features of the commercial exploiter.

It is evident that the twentieth century has produced forms of conquest other than that exemplified by raising a national ensign and firing a salute. These newer forms of conquest were well defined by the late Walter Hines Page, who in a public address in London, referring to *European* conquest in this hemisphere, said:

> I sometimes read that the United States is entering upon a policy to discourage foreign investments there. That is untrue. . . . There is a policy forming in the minds of our Government . . . that would discourage such investments or concessions as would carry with them the control of the Government of any of those states, and only such . . . and they most heartily welcome your investments in any part of the Americas, provided only *you* do not make them so that *you* may possibly take the country with them. The Monroe Doctrine meant this, when it was first formulated: that the United States would object to any European governments taking more land in the New World. *In those days the only way that a foreign government could gain land was literally to go and take it. Now we have more refined methods of exploitation, and there are other ways to take it.* . . . You will, I am sure, understand why the United States prefers that no land in the New World should be acquired in these new, subtle ways. (Italics mine.)

These new and subtle ways permit the conquered to retain not a few trappings of autonomy: a flag; generally a president, as soon as the right man can be found; sometimes a legislature, if it legislates as it is told; courts, so long as their decisions do not interfere with foreign "development"; and always costumed ministers plenipotentiary, lovely postage stamps, and life-membership in the Pan-American Union. What could be freer than that?

Indeed, recently the new conquest has developed even newer and subtler ways. Our Dominican invasion reechoed from Ciudad Juarez to Punta Arenas. It was coarse work. The technique now is to maneuver a properly disposed government into power, negotiate with it a treaty which includes a loan guaranteed by customs control or other revenues and "concessions" which turn over the wealth of the country to American companies opportunely on the ground. Today, in varying degree, such arrangements exist with Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama. An internal upheaval due to popular resentment against thus mortgaging the country has temporarily postponed their consummation in Guatemala. In South America Peru, Colombia, and Bolivia have virtually succumbed. Ecuador, Venezuela, Paraguay are next in line.

All this is contrary to the true spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, which to the extent that the United States adhered to it, served its original purpose well. It has probably prevented the conquest either wholly or in part of over half a hemisphere by England, France, Germany, and Portugal, which in a hundred years have taken over Africa and a large part of Asia. The Monroe Doctrine, though conceived in self-defense and beneficial to both our political and economic interests, was also altruistic; devoted to a principle that we still revere in theory and in our teachings, and based on a decent respect for the rights of others. The new galloping imperialism which attempts to find justification in the Monroe Doctrine is a violation of its spirit.

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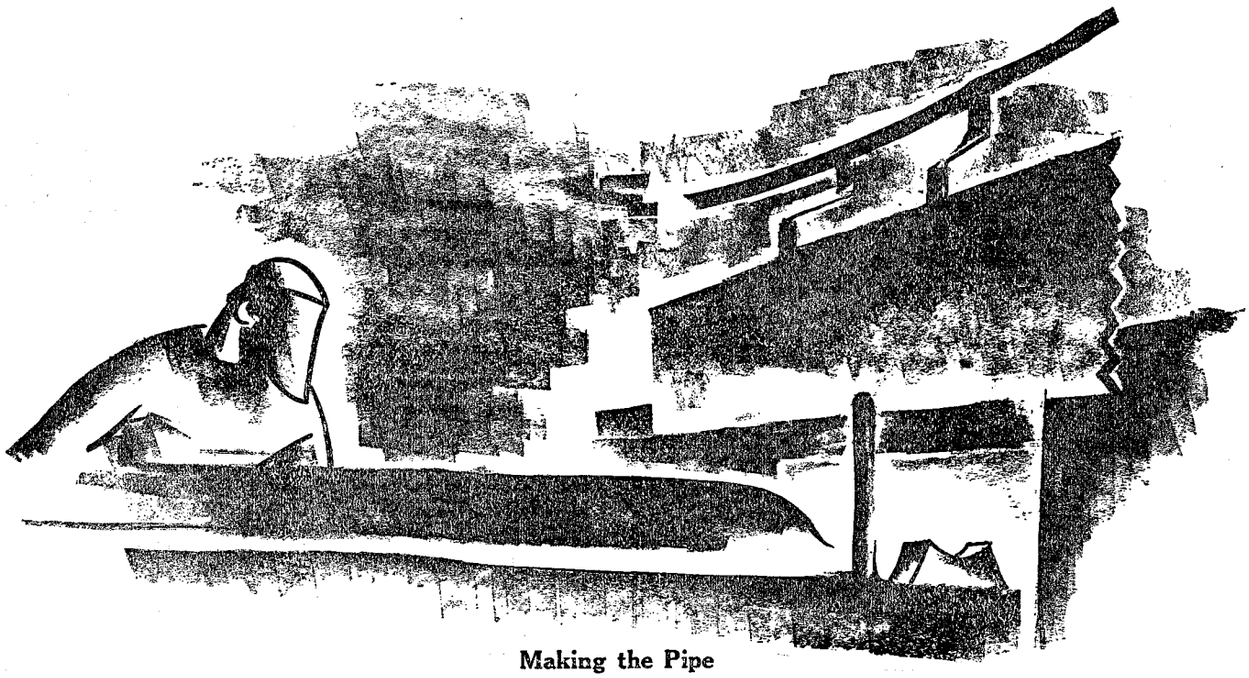

Making the Pipe

In the Steel Country

A Diary with Drawings

By HUGO GELLERT

II

I MET a Hungarian who worked in these mills for years. He offered to guide me through the plant. Great electric cranes worked overhead, silently shifting tons of the long steel tube from one side of the iron structure to the other. Oblong-shaped furnaces made it hard to stand the heat even in the cold days of October. At one end of the oven they fed the long strips of steel cut for the size of the pipe. At the other end a masked man pinched it with a pair of extremely long pliers and hooked it to a revolving chain that dragged the pipe out. It cracked like a machine-gun and shot stars as it rubbed against the mold that forced it into shape. The man, illuminated by the red of the oven, went through a set of rhythmic movements that kept me watching him a long time. The tubes automatically slid into cooling channels and were piled up without a human hand touching them. Railroad cars that ran right into the mammoth workshop were loaded with tubes ready for shipment. The blast furnace with its graceful stoves standing guard on each side, the cars that crawled up to the top with the ore, the quaint architecture of the furnace, the intricate arrangement of its many tubes, made me think of a grand toy of some giant child rather than of an important instrument in the service of sober business. Under the surface of the earth below the furnace black-faced men filled the "toy cars" with ore. At the mouth of the furnace pale-faced men watched the course of the yellow liquid metal that filled the air with fumes of sulphur as it flowed through narrow ditches into the waiting tanks.

***

We had to unload a box car of cement. It took nearly all of the morning. The weight of the cement began to tell toward the last bags. I felt weak in the knees. The fine dust got through our shirts, our underwear, and made us dirty and uncomfortable.

***

After noon we returned to the cellar. We didn't work much. We tried to rest up after that load of cement. We sat in the dark and talked. One of the boys asked me to visit him at the Mexican Hotel. "Some of us are good singers and others have mandolins and guitars," said he, to induce me to come.

***

The Mexican Hotel at 103 Third Street is a one-story red brick building. I was astonished at the sight I beheld as I walked in. In a room 18 x 16 twenty-four men were quartered in double-decked beds. In the largest room, about 22 x 16, I counted thirty-two beds. And so in five rooms one hundred and thirty-six men slept and spent their spare time. More than 10 per cent of them were sick. The food served in the dingy dining-room was unfit to eat. The price was exorbitant. The National Tube Company imported over four hundred of these Mexicans. They distributed them in four different houses like the one I just described. The National Tube Company is solely responsible for the condition of these men. The authorities must know about this. But when it would be against the interest of big business, the hand of the law is slow.

***

The next morning found us in the brick shed. We had to unload a car of fire-proof brick. We filled our wheelbarrows and pushed them where men piled the brick into

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straight-edged oblongs. It was a windy morning and the wind stirred clouds of the dust in the shed. I resented working in that dust.

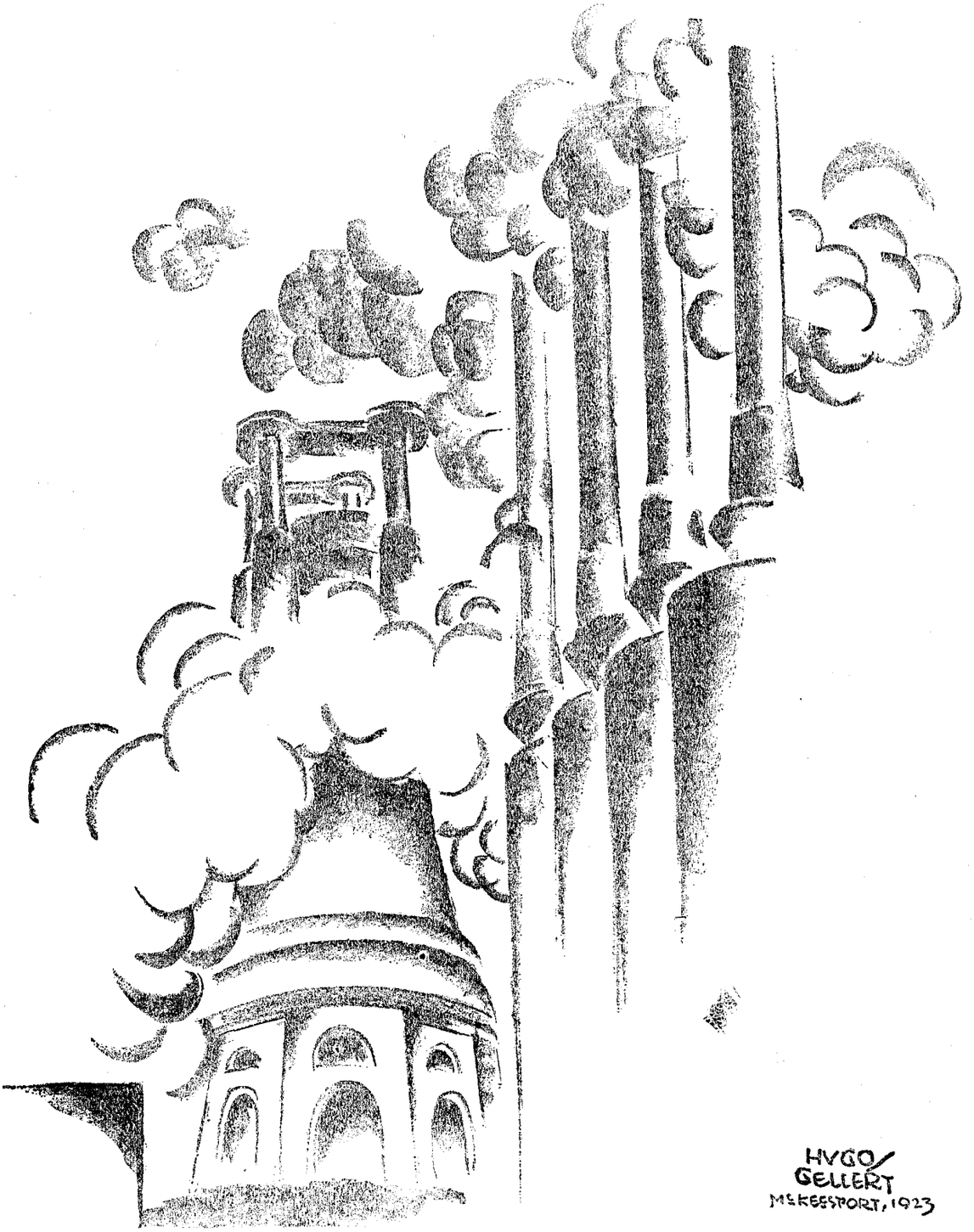
***

That afternoon the boss ordered one of the Mexicans and me into the box car. Our job was to get the bricks from the interior of the car and place them in rows to the opening, where the men could reach them. It was the worst job of all. The dust rose at the least disturbance; it filled my eyes, nose, and throat. Every few minutes I had to put my head through the opening to get a breath of the less dusty air. It was hard work, too. I felt irritable. My Mexican partner left me alone for a few minutes. I had to work doubly hard to keep the men supplied with bricks. I was less careful about placing the bricks in neat rows at the opening. I piled them any old way. The boss came. "Hey, you!" he yelled at me, "you put those bricks into straight rows!"

"I have no time," I answered.

"I'll give you your time!"

I was fired.



The Blast Furnace

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Saintsbury

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IT is time that a tribute be paid to George Saintsbury.* His audience, vast almost as that of a popular novelist, is not a grateful and, despite its official connection with literature, not an articulate one. How many wretched candidates for collegiate degrees, lower or higher, have not burned the oil of preexamination midnights in order to pore over a few, at least, of his ten thousand pages; how many teachers of English in innumerable institutions of all varieties and grades of what is euphemistically known as learning have not, innocent of all contact with the original documents, derived their pedagogical material and thus their bread and butter too from the pages of the "Short History of English Literature," the histories of Elizabethan and nineteenth-century literature, and even, if they aspired very high, the "History of English Prosody," the "History of Criticism," the "English Prose Rhythms," the "Periods of European Literature," the many and mighty editions of the giants that were before the flood. The works of George Saintsbury, a noble phalanx of volumes, have won a hundred obscure but vital battles; knowledge and wisdom have sat on their right hand and place and preferment on their left. Yet if, today, you ask the younger generation of the pundits concerning him you get but one answer: "But the man can't write worth a continental!"

It is perfectly true that Professor Saintsbury writes well in neither the older nor the newer sense. He is, heaven knows, neither a Swift nor a Pater, neither a Hazlitt nor an Arnold. But, in the first place, he has himself explained in a by no means ill-written passage that he is one whose ears, but not, alas, whose lips, the Muse has touched, and, in the second place, there is something ungenerous, finicky, and trifling in picking out cacophonous sentences from the works of a writer whose innumerable pages, though without grace, fine precision, high elegance, have the unfailing appeal of unaging vivacity, inexhaustible enthusiasm, delightful human warmth. I know of one reader, at least, a reader by no means insensitive to style, who has long read and still reads Saintsbury with pleasure, with profit, with amusement, and who would not give him up for a wilderness of Walter Raleighs or even Gilbert Chestertons, for costive preciosity or the passionate clamor of fools.

And this is true, it should be remarked, despite the fact that the reader in question differs irreconcilably from Professor Saintsbury on every issue of man's philosophical and active life. For Saintsbury is a tory, a magnificent and belligerent tory, a tory whose cocksureness, fortified by a formidable logical apparatus, has something at once amusing and sublime. If one wants toryism, here one will get it for one's money. Saintsbury is no Laodicean. In his toryism there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. The evil modern "reign of shoddy" began with the first Reform Bill. Since then the world has been going straight to the devil. Leigh Hunt was quite properly sent to prison; all Irish discontent is the work of romantic young fools; a gentleman will consent to obey a king but not a mob; democracy is not only futile but downright foolish. In all these matters Saintsbury argues with logical correctness and amusing unfairness. He starts out with the assumption that these matters, intricate as organisms, desperate as death, are as plain as a pikestaff and as adjustable as nose-glasses. Thus, for instance, in his extremely witty and pertinent and at a dozen points sound "Thoughts on Republics" he quietly omits the crucial fact that all philosophical modern democrats from Mill to the present have been well aware of the fact that without the adequate and proportionate representation of every minority, however small, however perverse, the democratic experiment is indeed not only a joke but a bad joke. But the point is that you really don't want Saintsbury to be different. He is a survival, but a splendid one. Who but the grand old tory that he is could, a critic of literature by profession, have written his notes on a wine cellar or his noble and luscious essays on the cookery of the partridge and the grouse? Reading these exercitations one almost shares that nostalgia for the past which is at the romantic core of all his personal and political views and sighs, like himself, for an age of *otium cum dignitate*, of mighty trenchermen and merry consumers of toddy, of liquor and learning, of at least apparent order when the proletarian knew his place and the king was on his throne and the slave in his cotton-field and the Jew in his Ghetto. Yes, one shares his nostalgia for a moment until there creeps back the one thing the tory lacks—imaginative sympathy. For the tory would have to stop being a tory the moment he felt, *felt* what it must have been to be that proletarian, that slave, that Jew.

I have lingered over Professor Saintsbury's non-literary opinions and personality since I do not remember having ever seen a printed word on either. But the fact that he is an uncompromising romanticist by temper probably accounts for the freedom and soundness of his aesthetic judgments. For at this point he is consummate. Wherever his vast and varied and vital learning does not fail him, as it does, for instance, in German literature since Goethe, his literary appreciations are all but unrivaled. Test him at any point, in respect of any author in the whole range of ancient, of medieval, of modern English, French, and Italian literature, you will find his purely or almost purely impressionistic judgments practically unerring. Even in literatures that he knows ill he has but to come in contact with a document to see its value. He stumbled upon the diaries of Grillparzer and at once gave the Austrian dramatist his just place in the history of criticism. Nor has he ever, or, as he himself would say, scarcely ever, let his extra-literary prejudices color his critical views. He lets his altogether noble love of letters shine upon the just and the unjust. Hazlitt may have been an ill-tempered libertarian and Shelley a full-fledged Bolshevist. It does not matter to Professor Saintsbury. When it comes to beauty this tory knows no parties. Beauty is after all what he worships, and his toryism is nothing but terror lest the sum of beauty be diminished upon earth.

His highest service will be seen, I think, to have been his clarification of critical theory. He has carried the war against preceptist, absolutist, a priori criticism into the very academic towers and citadels where it was most strongly protected. His conservatism as a man and his equipment as a scholar gained him a hearing where all other voices would have been discredited. And in this central matter he has been tireless and fearless. No one has done more, no one has done as much, to establish the

* *The Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury.* 1875-1920. E. P. Dutton and Company. Three volumes.

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truth that in art there is no rule except that there is no rule, that creative expression is and must be free, and that only from a work itself can the rules by which it is to be judged be derived. And it is not without a tinge of irony that Professor Saintsbury seems to be and always to have been totally unaware of the fact that if he had ever permitted himself to transfer these views of his from one domain of the human spirit to any other the cloud-capped towers and palaces of his toryism would have faded at once like an insubstantial pageant and left not a rack behind.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has often remarked that his esteemed colleagues know nothing of the realities of life. Occupying themselves, as they do, with public welfare, governments, social reform, and such illusory ideas, they are unable to recognize an important event when they see it. Every so often he feels obliged to check them up on the news of the day—the real news—which they almost invariably neglect. For example, the recent bequest of the late Mr. Nathaniel Rothschild to the British Museum, although the recipients of the gift were delighted beyond measure, received not a word of comment in this paper. Yet that bequest, the largest collection of fleas in the world, was probably closer to reality than twenty governments. Mr. Rothschild had obtained specimens of fleas from almost every living animal, including no doubt the *genus homo;* he is said to have financed an expedition to the Arctic regions for the sole purpose of obtaining a flea from an Arctic seal. What an opportunity for a dissertation on the virtues of persistence and courage, not only on the part of Mr. Rothschild but of the fleas themselves, who dared Arctic cold and sunless days but who on being brought to a warmer climate, the Drifter warrants, were as sprightly in jumping about from chair to carpet and back again as any of their more tropical relatives.

* * * * *

AGAIN, there is the story of the landlord in lower New York City who not only will not have a childless or even dogless family in his apartments, but who pays a bonus of $50 for every boy twin or triplet born on his premises and $25 for every girl. Now the Drifter is sure that if *The Nation* had made any comment on this matter at all, its words would have been words of praise and thanksgiving, whereas the Drifter considers this the rankest injustice that has been perpetrated for the last seven and a half years. Why any landlord should be permitted to indicate that boys are twice as valuable as girls is beyond him. Has the female sex disappeared, or is its well-known ability to defend its own members softening under the influence of suffrage and knickerbockers? At this rate, women will shortly be as spineless and docile as men. For his part, the Drifter is willing to start the controversy by saying that if triplet boys are worth $50, which he doubts, triplet girls are worth at least $50.98, and if the amount of dishwashing the poor little things will do while their brothers are off skylarking be taken into consideration, possibly the amount should be raised to an even $51.

* * * * *

IT may be, of course, that dishwashing for females is going out of fashion. The young lady from Illinois who holds the State record for corn-husking with eighty-four bushels in eleven hours would probably say so, and would moreover express herself in no uncertain terms about the $25 valuation for girls mentioned above. The Drifter's record in corn-husking, which he considers the hardest and most unworthy occupation ever invented by man, is so poor that he refuses to set it down. He feels that he would do better to challenge the champion lady corn-husker to a contest in sweeping the back porch; yet it is just possible that she, with the unhappy versatility of which women are so often possessed, might beat him at that also.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

A Voice from 1870

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William H. Scheifley's review of Mr. F. A. Simpson's book ("Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France"), which appeared in *The Nation* of August 22, was an agreeable surprise to me, as it revealed at last an historian who is fair to Napoleon III. Our French historians, influenced in spite of themselves and almost unconsciously by party hatreds, have generally been unjust to him—La Gorce, like all the others. My husband alone seems to have understood Napoleon III, and spoke with courage inspired by affection for that sovereign. Between him and Emile Ollivier were strong affinities of thought and nature. Both felt a deep interest in the laboring classes and wished to ameliorate their material and moral condition. They differed only as to the way to bring this about. My husband held that it could be accomplished by giving them liberty, the Emperor that it could best be done through a dictatorship. But a dictatorship, even when exercised in the most upright manner, cannot last long. Napoleon III finally perceived this, for as early as 1860, after some ten years on the throne, he introduced into his constitution reforms which started the empire on a more liberal course. Emile Ollivier knew that these reforms would have a necessary complement, and as he was a liberal as well as a democrat, he did all he could to aid the Emperor, even at the risk of breaking with his party friends who were bent more on overturning the empire, notwithstanding their oath of allegiance to it, than on broadening its base and improving it.

So it was that Emile Ollivier helped the Emperor get Parliament to pass the bill legalizing the organization of associations, to restore free speech, give more liberty to the press, etc. But the Emperor moved with circumspection in granting these reforms, for the idea of liberty seemed to frighten him, and this disposition was strengthened by the Empress and M. Rouher, his favorite minister. These two personages were in fact steering the ship of state at this moment, as the Emperor was then in very bad health, and they were not disposed to let go the rudder. But a bond of personal sympathy and an attraction arising from their similar ideas drew the sovereign and Emile Ollivier more and more closely together and finally decided the former to grant his subjects complete liberty. No other minister could have obtained from Napoleon III such a result. With Emile Ollivier as his mouthpiece, the Emperor decided, with loyalty and firmness, to establish a liberal Empire without other restrictions than those found necessary under all governments.

Nor did the Emperor and his minister part company when it came to foreign affairs. They were both advocates of the doctrine of nationalities, a sort of self-determination, to use the language of today, though Emile Ollivier accepted it only when it came with the wish and consent of the people concerned,

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whereas Napoleon III did not hesitate to impose it by arms if necessary. They worked for the unity of Italy in 1859 with our victorious troops, and again in 1866 by means of the Prussian armies, which, through the defeat of Austria, made possible the completion of Italian unity by the annexation of Venetia.

Emile Ollivier viewed with joy the total freedom of Italy but he saw with apprehension the discontent toward Germany which showed itself in France, even among the liberals, who, like Thiers, fanned in Parliament the embers of suspicion and irritation. The Emperor did not share these feelings, but the Empress did not hide her chauvinism, the intensity of which was increased by the fact that Emile Ollivier had persuaded the Emperor to agree that so long as Prussia took no step directed against French interests, we would let the principle of nationalities develop in Germany as it pleased. But the Hohenzollern candidacy, which would have placed a Prussian prince on the Spanish throne, that is, on our western frontier, was a move which threatened our safety and compelled us to demand of Prussia the abandonment of this plan. King William did so and peace seemed assured, until the Empress, requiring an inopportune guaranty for the future, gave Bismarck the chance to offend us in a way that could not be allowed to pass in silence. Hence the origin of the war of 1870.

Such are the reflections awakened in my mind by the review of Mr. Simpson's book. MARIE THERESE OLLIVIER

La Moutte, Saint-Tropez, Var, France, October 30

[Marie Thérèse Ollivier is the widow of Emile Ollivier, Prime Minister of France at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Collars for the Starving

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following dispatch, dated Troy, New York, appeared in the *Daily News Record* of October 22:

"More than 13,000 dozen first-quality soft collars left Troy yesterday, consigned direct to the American Red Cross, Yokohama, Japan. Most all of the larger collar companies of the city have a share in this emergency order, which was placed by the Department of Commerce at Washington, acting for the American Red Cross there, through the office of the Association of Collar Manufacturers of Troy."

Is it possible that there is nothing that the Japanese need any more than collars? If so, it seems to me that they are in no great need of American assistance.

New York, November 7 HARRIS S. DURKEE

Women and Negroes Excluded

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: Your editorial comment on the exclusion of colored men by the Molders' Union and the exclusion of women by the Barbers' Union fails to mention that the Molders' Union also excludes women, not only from the union, but so far as possible from the trade. Unless the rule has been changed recently, union molders are prohibited under penalty of a heavy fine from teaching any part of their trade to women.

Men core-makers are eligible for membership in the Molders' Union, but the large number of women now employed in core-making are barred. Mr. Valentine, president of the Molders' Union and a vice-president of the A. F. of L., told me, with evident satisfaction, that he had obtained the discharge of a number of women core-makers by informing their employer that the union molders in the shop would not use cores made by women.

The Carpenters' Union also excludes women, thus shutting out thousands of workers in box factories and furniture factories. The policy of the A. F. of L. to which you referred, in refusing separate charters to women excluded from an international union, although it grants separate charters to colored men similarly excluded, affects women wood-workers and women core-makers, of course, as well as women barbers.

Chicago, November 13 KATHARINE FISHER

A Mischievous Movie

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a moving picture dealing with the problem of the married woman who wants to earn money outside her home, made its appearance in Philadelphia under the chaperonage of the Civic Club. Invitations were sent to clubwomen asking them to be present at a private view of the movie and to express their opinions of it. The plot, briefly, is as follows:

Mrs. Fair, whose son Alan, aged 19, is serving with the American Army in France, takes up work in France with the Red Cross, making such a success that she is given the title of major and returns home to find herself a celebrity and in great demand for interviews, lecture appointments, etc. She accepts the offer of a lecture bureau to undertake a coast-to-coast lecture tour for the sum of $30,000. Her husband, who is opposed to such publicity and to so much outside activity, forbids her to sign the contract, but she does so. During her absence for a few months, husband, son, and the 17-year-old daughter, Sylvia, go to the bad. Her husband is involved in an affair with an adventuress, her son takes to poker and drink and is rescued by a little telephone operator who marries him. Sylvia is introduced to New York fast life by the manager of the lecture bureau, with whom she elopes. Mrs. Fair's return to her home for a short visit comes just in time to rescue her family.

Those who were active in the club movement and in the suffrage movement recognize the animus pervading this movie. The statement that woman's place is in the home and domestic happiness totters if she leaves it, even for a short time, is an old enemy that confronted the pioneer feminists at every turn. The efforts of women half a century ago to organize women's clubs and to obtain for women the right to speak in public and the right to vote were met by the same arguments set forth in this movie; though not nearly so politely expressed. Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, and other champions of women were received with the greatest insolence; in fact, with mob violence. Of late years the opposition has assumed another guise; for two reasons. Suffrage and women's clubs have arrived, and no one now objects to women lifting up their voices in public, if we will consent to do it gratis. It is significant that Mrs. Fair, the wife of a millionaire, is to be handsomely remunerated for her lectures. As the economic struggle becomes more intense and more women are driven out of their homes to earn a living, a corresponding reaction against this new competition arises among the men who have heretofore held these jobs. Everywhere we can see attempts to drive women back to the home; especially married women, on the supposition that their husbands are able and willing to support them.

And it is the married women who are seeking employment outside the household in ever-increasing multitudes! "In manufacturing and mechanical industries the number of married women employed increased 41 per cent during the ten years between 1910 and 1920, while the number of all women increased only 7 per cent," said Miss Mary N. Winslow of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, speaking before the National Conference of Social Workers, May 21, in Washington. "There are 2,000,000 married women in the United States working for money."

This movie does not deal with the frivolous society woman who is neglecting her home to play bridge, nor does it concern itself with the underpaid scrubwoman, though she may be leaving her children at the risk of their burning to death on the cook stove. No, it is the well-paid lecturer who is the object of the attack. Anxiety on the part of the authors of the movie to prove their point leads them into many absurdities. Neither husband nor daughter suffers from Mrs. Fair's visit to France

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while doing Red Cross work, nor is it intimated that the son Alan might have contracted his tendencies to gambling and drink when with the army. So we must infer that there are two kinds of absence: one owing to patriotism, which is beneficial; the other owing to the desire of a woman for self-support and self-development, which is pernicious. It is all right for mother to leave husband and daughter to do Red Cross work, but all wrong for her to leave them in order to develop her career and earn money by her own efforts. It seems inconsistent that a woman as able as Mrs. Fair should not have arranged for some relative or friend to look after the Fair family, and it is not explained why a 17-year-old girl should be loafing at home, whether her mother was there or not, and why she was not sent to college. The double standard of morals is encouraged by the casual way in which Mr. Fair acknowledges to his wife his unfaithfulness during her brief lecture tour. "Now, my dear, don't be unreasonable—you went away and left me" is the soothing remark with which he tries to justify himself.

Moving pictures, plays, or novels with the reactionary tendencies of "The Famous Mrs. Fair" in a subtle and specious manner make the struggle for equality much more difficult, and handicap the National Woman's Party and other organizations which are working for freedom and the right to a modern existence for all women. It is a pity that the Civic Club, which was itself one of the pioneer clubs for women, should bring such a flimsy and reactionary moving picture to the public notice—by way, I suppose, of elevating popular taste.

Haverford, Pennsylvania, May 26 MARY WINSOR

Lest We Forget Hungary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I suggest that in your appeal for aid to relieve the situation of German and Austrian institutions of science and art you include the Hungarian institutions? I was in Hungary this last summer and I was deeply impressed by the splendid effort Hungary is making to rehabilitate its institutions of higher learning and of creative art. I am sure that your appeal will be even stronger if Hungary is included. I hope that my suggestion may receive your favorable consideration.

Princeton, N. J., November 19 JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

Science in Jerusalem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On Mount Scopus overlooking Jerusalem, where two thousand years ago the legions of imperial Rome were encamped and where they besieged and finally captured the proud and rebellious capital of Judea, there is a crude stone marking the foundation of the Hebrew University—a foundation laid in 1918, while the roar of battle still shook the earth. Not far from this landmark stands a plain square building. This is the Grey Hill House, which has been acquired by the World Zionist Organization and which is now being altered and extended to shelter the laboratories of the Medical School of the Hebrew University.

Here will be carried on the research work in biochemistry and microbiology and in the tropical and semitropical epidemic and endemic diseases which take heavy toll of Palestine and the adjacent countries. The work for the establishment of the university is the most hopeful message I am now bringing out of Palestine. Unhampered by political interests, unfettered by sectarian prejudices, it will be fostered and maintained by the Jewish people, but it will belong to the whole world and its laboratories will be open to the talent and genius of every land. It will have the Hebrew language for its chief medium of expression, but no other tongue that has a message will be barred. The Hebrew University on Mount Scopus will be the challenge of Jewry to anti-Semitism—not a dreamer's vision, but a practical plan of practical idealists.

Already a large area of land has been acquired adjoining the Grey Hill House for the buildings and grounds of the university, and an X-ray institution has been established, equipped with the most scientific apparatus for the study and treatment of disease. Thousands of volumes on medical and kindred subjects have been sent to Jerusalem to form the nucleus of the university library.

It is a source of pride to reflect that the anti-malarial and anti-trachoma work in Palestine has been initiated by an American group, the Hadassah Medical Organization, while the ultimate success of this life-saving and health-saving work will be the result of the efforts of another American Jewish Physicians Committee, through the laboratories that this organization is now establishing on Mount Scopus.

Brooklyn, October 10 JOSEPH KRIMSKY, M.D.

Lettuce with Sugar and Cream

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Drifter's regret at the disappearance from America of that dish of his boyhood, lettuce with sugar and thick cream, echoes here from the Juras to the Alps. Myself an American, I confess never to have met this confection, but I shall tell you where you can find it: you can find it in the land in which, I believe, it originated—Denmark. True, it is going the sad way of the old Danish peasant costumes, but it is to be discovered now and then (see if Dr. Egan doesn't say so) where they are: in outlying villages—and occasionally, I suspect, at secret night in Copenhagen houses owned by those who, throughout the day, pretend to be advanced beyond the menus of their excellent grandsires.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Geneva, Switzerland, November 9

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International Relations Section

Political Prisoners in the Rhineland and the Ruhr

By KUNO FRANCKE

AN editorial on the Ruhr occupation in the May number of the *North American Review* presents the following picture of the conduct of the French in the invaded territory:

One of the achievements of great significance and moral value, thus far to be credited to the French occupation of the Ruhr, is the fine vindication of France herself. The inexorable resolution with which she entered upon that policy has been fully matched by the moderation, the self-restraint, even the considerate kindness toward the vanquished which have marked her execution of it. In striking contrast to the swaggering brutality of the German army of occupation after the war of 1870-71, the French have borne themselves with a courtesy and clemency, even in the face of atrocious provocation, such as probably no other people have ever shown in like circumstances. The most impressive testimony to this effect has been given by the Germans of the Ruhr themselves, who have generally acquiesced in the occupation, save as they were incited from Berlin to commit murders and other outrages.

In presenting a picture somewhat different from this glorification of the humane methods and aims pursued by the French in occupying the Ruhr, I shall not enter into the right or wrong of the Ruhr occupation itself. This question seems to me to have been settled by the note of the British Government of August 11, 1923, affirming its illegality under the Treaty of Versailles. Nor shall I enumerate the frequent acts of murder and other outrages committed by the French and Belgian troops in the Ruhr and Rhineland ever since the invasion was undertaken. These acts were the natural concomitants of a policy of military aggression. What I am going to speak about is a question of the administration of justice in the invaded territory, the question: What has been the fate of the hundreds of German citizens who upon one charge or another were arrested by the French or Belgian authorities? How were they treated when arrested? How were they brought to trial? What was their lot in prison?

The material from which I have drawn is all documentary, consisting either of official reports of representatives of the German Red Cross sent out to study prison conditions in the occupied territory or of sworn statements of prisoners made before the regular German courts or other authorities. I owe this material to the courtesy of the president of the German Red Cross, Herr von Winterfeld, and his assistant, Herr von Esebeck. It would have been easy to multiply the cases by scores and scores. The few cases selected by me from the large mass of material placed at my disposal stand each for a numerous class of similar cases, and together are typical of the whole situation.

I shall present the subject under four main heads: First, reports about French prison management in general. Second, reports about the treatment of hostages imprisoned in reprisal for actual or alleged acts of German sabotage. Third, sworn statements of persons arrested, but released without trial. Fourth, sworn statements of persons arrested, tried, and imprisoned for shorter or longer terms. I have taken care to rule out testimony violently partisan or replete with resentment. If I have erred, I have erred by giving preference to testimony of marked moderation and restraint.

For a general report on prison conditions under French rule, I select a comparatively favorable statement made to a Red Cross representative by former inmates of the prison at Germersheim in the Bavarian Palatinate. This statement was made at the request of the prisoners still there, since they had no chance to talk with the Red Cross representative except in the presence of the French prison officials. The chief points of this statement, dated June 2, 1923, are the following: The individual treatment of the prisoners in Germersheim is better than elsewhere. Nevertheless, there is much room for improvement in the general management. In particular, the food is entirely inadequate. The Red Cross is allowed to furnish two pounds of bread per week to each person, but this amount is deducted from the daily prison ration. It often happens that the Moroccan prison guards before the very eyes of the prisoners skim off the meager fat from their soup. The table utensils are usually dirty. In consequence of undernourishment, 70 to 80 per cent of the prisoners are virtually ill. Nevertheless, it rarely happens that a prisoner petitions to be placed on the sick list, since that usually leads to a still further reduction of food, prohibition of the daily walk, and similar retrenchments. The sanitary conditions are extremely bad. On account of the overcrowding of the prison, the shower bath can be used by a given individual only at long weeks' intervals. Instead of being allowed to use the lavatory, the prisoners must attend to their evacuations within their cells, in pails with loose covers. Of visitors, only relatives bearing the same family name are generally admitted; others have the greatest difficulty in securing admission. The prisoners resent the fact that food, clothing, and books sent by the Red Cross are distributed by the guards not only among the political prisoners, but equally and often preferably among the criminals imprisoned in the same building.

As particulars of prison life will fully come to light in the account of individual experiences which I shall cite later, I shall refrain from dwelling on other reports of a general character. I rather proceed at once to a specific and particularly aggravating account of French prison management, an account of how German hostages, i. e., citizens arrested in order to bring pressure upon a whole community, are treated under French military prison rule. During the night of June 29-30, 1923, a very deplorable disaster happened on the railway bridge crossing the Rhine near the city of Duisburg: an explosion on a Belgian military train, killing and wounding scores of soldiers. The cause of the explosion was obscure. The railway track was practically undamaged, no suspicious person had been seen on it. On the other hand, the train had carried ammunition; this ammunition exploded—was it not well to investigate whether the explosion had come from within or without? The French commandant of Duisburg did not think so; he was certain that it had come from without, that this was a case of German conspiracy, that the city of Duisburg was implicated and must be punished for the crime. The chairman of the local Duisburg Red Cross committee, under date of July 7, reports:

In consequence of the deplorable event on the Hochfeld bridge

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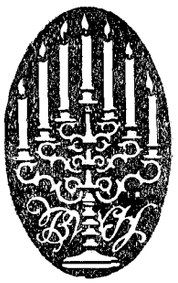

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during the night of June 29-30, more than twenty prominent citizens of Duisburg have been arrested as hostages by the military authorities and have been quartered in the Duisburg court prison. These hostages are deprived of all advantages, even the smallest, which are accorded even to criminal prisoners arrested on whatever charge. Although the hostages have now been kept in prison for a whole week, they have not, like the other prisoners, been allowed a daily walk in the prison court-yard. The denial of this small chance for exercise, ordinarily granted to even the worst criminals, affects the hostages all the more terribly since they have been crowded with other prisoners, three, even four, together, into single cells, meant only for one person, so that even within their cells they have hardly any chance to move about. The air in these cells is intolerable, all the more so since all the inmates must attend to their evacuations in the cell. The hostages are entirely separated from the outer world. No relative, no clergyman, no representative of the Red Cross is allowed to see them. Only the prison physician is admitted to the sick among them, and this only in the presence of a Belgian guard. The hostages are not allowed to receive fresh underclothing from relatives. They are not allowed to do any reading.

It is a clear demand of humanity that the hostages, who belong to the foremost families of the city and are mostly of advanced age, should not, by being treated worse than criminal prisoners, be made to suffer intolerable physical and mental tortures. This demand of humanity is all the more urgent since the hostages, in common with the whole Duisburg community, most severely condemn the crime of the night of June 29-30, if it was a crime, and not an accident, and would have done everything in their power to prevent it if they had had the slightest inkling of it. (Signed) STEINBACK,

Chairman, Red Cross Committee for the Care of Prisoners.

I now pass on to sworn statements of persons arrested by French or Belgian soldiers, taken to guard-houses, but soon released without trial. To judge from the large number of such statements collected by the Red Cross—they run into the hundreds—such arrests and speedy releases belonged for months to the daily occurrences in the Ruhr. Whether they are as frequent now I cannot tell. The main point in all these cases is not the arrest itself or the subsequent release, but the way in which the victims were treated in the interval by the French and Belgian soldiery. From a mass of similar cases I select a few belonging to the months of February and March. They are almost monotonous in the repetition of the same revolting details.*

Police Officer Fritz Voss of Recklinghausen testified before the Recklinghausen District Court on February 12, 1923, under oath, as follows:

February 7, toward 11 p.m., I was on my round in Haltern Street. At the corner of Spring Street I was halted by a French guard. I was accompanied by Police Officer Stermans. In front of us some civilians were walking, one of whom called out: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" I was accused of having sung: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," which was not the case. I was taken to the Churchyard School, where a French Alpine chasseur thrust me into the guard-room. Several civilians were already there. I was told to stand in the corner, away from the civilians. After about ten minutes two non-commissioned officers appeared and told me to step into the middle of the room. They then belabored me with kicks and fisticuffs without giving any reason for it. Only one of them said in a questioning tone: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles?" With that he knocked me down on the floor, and then said: "Deutschland, Deutschland unter Alles!" Then the other soldier lifted me up and kept on maltreating me, kicking me in my back and sides and beating me with his fist in the face, so that I almost lost my hearing. Even now it is hard for me to hear. Then I was told to stand in the corner again. A broom was pressed into my hand and I was told to sweep the room, while they called out at me: "Capitalist! Nationalist!" The room was also a place of detention for arrested French soldiers. These looked on while I was being maltreated, laughed and clapped their hands. Meanwhile Police Officers Stermans, Ficht, and Pauli had also been brought in. We were ordered to sit on the bare, dirty floor. This we did and finally we stretched out for sleep. Only in the morning of February 8 about 10 o'clock my papers were examined. About 5 p.m. three mining students were brought in. These were placed with the face against the wall and had to stand at attention. As soon as any one of them moved a foot, the guard standing behind them knocked him with the butt of his gun against the legs. At 7 p.m. I and the other police officers were dismissed. The officer who discharged us told us to keep our mouths shut.

The following is sworn testimony of a Bochum railway official, Ludwig Rübsamen, made at the Bochum Court March 8:

Sunday morning about 9 o'clock a troop of 15 to 20 French soldiers and two French civilians appeared at my house. They asked whether I was yardmaster R., and when I answered in the affirmative, they arrested me, shouting: "Sabotage, sabotage!" A search of my house and office yielded a receipt from the railway administration at Hanover for plans and maps sent by me there. At this there arose again the shout: "Sabotage!" I was led out of the house and was put in shackles on the street. In front of Section 37 of the Bochum railway yard there stood some boxes belonging to the yard which had been dug out by the French on that spot. What their contents were, I could not ascertain. The French pointed at the boxes and again shouted: "Sabotage!" At the same time a French civilian knocked me with a heavy stick over the temple so that I toppled over. Then the troop took me to the square in front of the railway station, where I was left standing, guarded by soldiers, until 12 o'clock. At that time an auto-truck, containing the aforesaid boxes, drew up and took me to the Oberrealschule. Here I was brought before an officer, who examined me as to my identity. Then, after having been locked up in the cellar for some time, I was brought before a French civilian official, who examined me again, took my finger-prints, and put down my statement that I knew nothing whatever about the burying of the boxes. I was then taken by auto, with three other prisoners, to Weitmar, near Bochum. In Weitmar I was locked up with three others in a single cell. Then, being handcuffed once more, I was taken to a private house for still another examination. During this examination, in which I could only repeat my former statement that I knew nothing about the boxes, a French civilian, standing behind me, in order to force some confession out of me, repeatedly struck me over the head with a heavy stick. At this, some French civilians present said: "This is not the way to treat decent people," and indignantly left the room. Next morning there was still another examination, again leading to nothing. Then I was provisionally discharged, without apologies for the injuries received, and with the warning that, if further excavations of the military authorities should bring more objects to light, my wife would be expelled without any of her household belongings and I would be rearrested.

Two more such cases of unprovoked arrests and serious maltreatments may briefly be referred to. On March 7 a sixteen-year-old pupil of the Oberrealschule at Recklinghausen, Ferdinand Rasch, was knocked down on the street by French Alpine chasseurs on the groundless allegation of having distributed pamphlets. For some time he lay unconscious. When he regained consciousness, he found him-

* The medical certificates about injuries received, which accompany these testimonies, it seemed hardly worth while to reproduce.

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Shall Science and Knowledge Perish in the Central Powers?

Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art

German-American School Association

New York, December 1923.

To the Readers of *The Nation:*

The economic breakdown of Germany endangers the efficiency, in many cases the existence, of the German schools. As a result of this the prospect of the rise of a new generation, intellectually and morally strong, is becoming a matter of grave concern. From all sides we hear the cry that not only the life of the nation must be saved but that its children must be raised to become useful and good men and women.

For this reason it is incumbent upon us to give help to the schools; to provide the children with indispensable materials, and to keep up the intellectual and moral life of the teachers by preventing their isolation from all intellectual intercourse with the rest of the world, and by placing them so that their physical needs do not make impossible devotion to their duty. Such assistance to the intellectual middle class is greatly needed at this moment.

We must furnish food, paper, pencils, ink, books and other indispensable material for study for pupils and teachers. You or your parents or some of your intimate friends may have attended a school in Germany. Will you not help in an organized effort to maintain the efficiency of that school by sending a contribution for its benefit?

This plan has been discussed with the governments of the German Reich and of the German states and information is being collected from the schools in regard to their most urgent needs.

It is our task, meanwhile, to raise the funds which Germany cannot provide at present. On account of the multifarious needs, organization and concentration of effort are necessary.

Any contribution made to a special school will be credited to the donor and acknowledged by the school.

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Very sincerely yours,

FRANZ BOAS,
President Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art.
Columbia University, New York City.

RUDOLF ERBSLÖH,
President German-American School Association.
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self in the guard-room of the city hall. He was pressed by questions; and, not being able to make any revelation, he was knocked over the head, pounded in the face, spat at, thrown on the floor. Thus he was left for the night. Early in the morning he managed to escape. About 12 o'clock in the night of March 20-21 Professor H., in crossing the Lippe bridge at Dorsten was halted by Belgian guards and asked for his passport. While the Belgians examined his papers, a French customs inspector stepped up, took the papers from the Belgians, read them by the light of a street lantern, and exclaiming: "Ah, Professor!" suddenly struck Professor H., with his fist on the left eye, knocking him down thereby. Having pulled himself together again, the professor was led into the guard-house of the bridge, where the Belgian soldiers present fell upon him and mercilessly maltreated him. Later he was taken to the Duisburg prison, but, since nothing could be found against him, discharged. A medical examination showed that he had lost the sight of his left eye.

I shall close with a category of testimonies which is perhaps the most damaging of all, since in these cases even the excitement of the moment cannot be adduced as a mitigating circumstance for cruel treatment: testimonies of persons, sentenced to longer or shorter terms of imprisonment, about their experiences during the transport to the prison and their daily prison routine.

On March 27, before the French military court at Düsseldorf, Postmaster Trümpler of Hückeswagen, a little town south of Elberfeld, was tried for disobedience to military orders. Wherein this disobedience consisted, I have no means of finding. Judging from other trials of post-office officials for "disobedience," he may have refused to attend to mail matters for the French. At any rate no criminal act was involved. At the trial, Trümpler declared that as a man of honor and as a German official he could not have acted otherwise. The French public prosecutor designated the case as slight and asked for one month imprisonment and a fine of 300,000 marks. The court, however, fixed the sentence at three months and 600,000 marks. From here on I give Trümpler's story in his own words:

On April 2, i.e., six days after the trial, which I spent in the military prison at Düsseldorf, I was called at 4 o'clock a.m. and told to get ready for the transport to Zweibrücken (in the Bavarian Palatinate). With about forty-five other prisoners, three each of whom were manacled together, I was taken in an auto-truck escorted by Moroccan soldiers to the station and there placed in a third-class railway coach. About 6 o'clock the train started. We went via Düren, Euskirchen, Bonn, etc., with long stops at each station, and reached Mainz at 10:30 p.m., where the escort, consisting of gendarmes and infantry, changed. Here our chains were taken off. We had worn them uninterruptedly during the whole trip, a circumstance which made locomotion, eating, etc., very difficult and, for instance, forced each manacled trio to go together if one of them had to go to the closet. The food which we received during the trip had been arranged for by the Düsseldorf Red Cross. We reached Ludwigshafen at midnight and stayed there till 9:30 next morning, crowded together in such a manner that there was no chance for sleep. In Neustadt and Landau there were again stops of several hours. In Landau the French train people called a crowd of black soldiers to our coach, pointed us out to them, and joined with them in making fun of us. At 9 p.m. we reached Zweibrücken. Escorted by black soldiers, we were marched, in spite of our heavy luggage, at a very quick gait, to the prison. When on the way I translated an order of the French gendarme marching at our side to a prisoner ahead of me, the gendarme gave me a violent fisticuff in the neck. Drenched with perspiration I arrived at the prison. Here we were most ignominiously accosted by the French guards and distributed among the cells. In front of them we were stripped to our shirts, searched, and then thrust into the unlighted rooms. Our baggage and our clothes remained lying outside.

I got with four others into a cell, entirely dark and very cold. The window was open, and as we could not see enough to find out what the mechanism of closing it was, we had to leave it open. I stumbled upon a bedstead with a seaweed mattress, which, as I saw the next day, was soiled all over with blood stains. Except a short, ragged, diaphanously thin blanket, there was nothing on it. During the last part of the trip we had greatly suffered from thirst. In the cell there was not a drop of water. I was shaking with cold and, like my comrades, slept next to nothing. The next forenoon about 11 o'clock, some eatables were handed to us through the shutter of the door: boiled potatoes, with a small piece of boiled beef, entirely oversalted, and a piece of bread. In the afternoon, about three, we were told to step in front of the cell to have our things searched once more. Everything of our belongings was taken away, except the clothes themselves and a pillow, blanket, and some food which the Red Cross had furnished for our trip. These were thrown at our feet with contemptuous gestures. Then, for the first time, we got water for drinking and washing, but in dirty vessels. Towels we got only a fortnight later through the Red Cross. In the closet there was only a broken piece of a cover, so that an intolerable stench spread in our cell. An old convict jacket, which we found in the cell and fastened over the seat of the closet, was taken away by the guards with insulting remarks. Later in the afternoon of the same day we received some rice soup and a piece of bread.

Early the next day the shutter was suddenly opened. As we did not immediately stand at attention, we were told that we were not going to get any coffee and in case of repetition would never get anything but bread and water; whereupon the shutter flung back again. Later on we did get coffee regularly in the morning. But the daily food ration remained entirely inadequate throughout and the meals were often so revolting that both in the forenoon and the afternoon nothing could be done with it except pour it into the closet, so that actually we often lived for days together on dry bread and water. From fellow-prisoners I heard that the cooking was done by Moroccans.

On April 20—I had meanwhile been transferred to a cell with nine inmates—I was attacked by violent diarrhea. I did not care to report to the French physician, because he had treated other prisoners with disdain and neglect and even designated them as makebeliefs. A few days later a German physician was admitted. So, on April 24, I reported to him. He recognized my case as dysentery and promised to see to it that I would be given sick diet and be transferred to a hospital. The next day I received sick diet through the Red Cross, but the transfer to a hospital came to nothing, the prison administration objecting to it. After two days, during which I had to use the same closet vessel with my eight cell comrades, I was placed in a single cell. Here I had my meals in common with a diphtheritic patient. Once we had to eat from the same dish; once, in consequence of neglect by the guards, we were for twenty-four hours without food. A little night vessel, entirely inadequate for a proper and sanitary evacuation, served as a closet in this cell. This I had to rinse myself in the common sink. After three weeks, during which I received good Red Cross diet, my bowels improved. From that time on I was permitted to have the regular Red Cross fare accorded to convalescents above fifty years of age.

It should be added that general prison conditions had improved at this time, due to representations made by the

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Swedish Red Cross, a commission of Quakers, the Papal Nuncio in Munich, and the Protestant Consistory of Bavaria, who had all visited and inspected the Zweibrücken prison.

On June 11, at three o'clock in the morning, I was taken by a gendarme to the railway station, and thence via Landau to Germersheim. There the gendarme led me across the Rhine bridge and dismissed me, saying that I was expelled from the occupied territory. My question whether I was to have this order in writing was answered in the negative.

I am not one of those who fight hatred with hatred. I belong to those who believe that only by toleration and reason can moral progress in the relation between nations as well as individuals be achieved. As a believer in toleration and reason I deplore the seeds of hatred which France has been sowing and is now sowing in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. What can be achieved by a policy of toleration and reason is strikingly proved by the friendly feelings and sincere regrets with which the Rhineland population accompanied the departure of the American troops of occupation early this year. Now there is a chance for American public opinion to be of still greater service to the cause of toleration and reason by helping to put an end to this vicious and ruinous policy of hatred in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

Contributors to This Issue

MAXIMO M. KALAW is exchange professor from the University of the Philippines to the University of Michigan.

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is one of the most profound summaries of the work that has been done recently in the fields of physics and chemistry.

There are also articles, two continued, on The Limitations of American Magazines and on Determinism and Crime, and three others on Daniel De Leon, The Middle Ages, and The Science of Literature.
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The Nation

Section II

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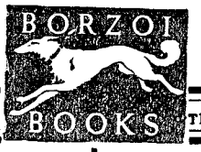

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By LIU CHANG-CH'ING

Sad wanderer, once you conquered the South
Leading a hundred thousand troops;
Today, dismissed and dispossessed
An old man, you remember your glory.
Once, when you stood, three borders were still;
And how little life mattered, your dagger well knows.
Now, watching the mighty Kiang and Han
On their ways in the evening, where do you go?

Drum-Beats

By LU LUN

Far off in the clouds, the walls of Han-yang
Lie a day's journey for my single sail.
Though a river-merchant ought to be sleeping in calm weather,
He hears the tide at night and voices of the boatmen. . . .
My thin hair grows wintry, like the three Hsiang streams,
Homesick, for ten thousand li my heart follows the moon;
But the war has left me nothing of my heritage—
And O this pang of drum-beats on the river!

The Imperial Conference

By LI SHANG-YIN

When the Emperor held conference with scholars, with exiles,
He found no calmer wisdom than that of young Chia
And gave him the foremost council-seat at midnight
But consulted him, alas, about higher things than people.

To My Brothers and Sisters Adrift in Troubled Times This Poem of the Moon

By PO CHÜ-YI

(Since the disorders in Ho-nan and the famine in Küan, my brothers and sisters have been scattered. Looking at the moon, I express my thoughts in this poem, which I send to my eldest brother at Fou-liang, my seventh brother at Yü-ch'ien, my fifteenth brother at Wu-chiang, and my younger brothers and sisters at Hsia-kuêi.)

My heritage lost through disorder and famine,
My brothers and sisters flung eastward and westward,
My fields and gardens wrecked by the war,
My own flesh and blood become scum of the street,
I moan to my shadow like a lone-wandering wild-goose,
I am torn from my root like a water-plant in autumn:
I gaze at the moon and my tears run down
For hearts, in five places, all sick with one wish.

The Simplest Way

By LIU TSUNG-YÜAN

I clean my teeth in water drawn from a cold well;
And while I brush my clothes, I purify my mind;
Then, slowly turning pages in the Tree-leaf Book,
I recite, along the path to the eastern shelter.
The world has forgotten the true fountain of this Teaching
And people enslave themselves to miracles and fables.
Under the given words, I want the essential meaning,
I look for the simplest way to sow and reap my nature.
Here in the quiet of the priest's temple-courtyard,
Mosses add their climbing color to the thick bamboo;
And now comes the sun, out of mist and fog,
And pines, that seem to be new-bathed;
And everything is gone from me, speech goes, and reading,
Leaving the single unison.

Forever

By LIU CHUNG-YUNG

For years, with our hands on our horse-whips and sword-hilts
To guard the Jade Pass and the River of Gold,
We have watched the green graves change to snow
And the Yellow Stream ring the Black Mountain forever.

Blacktail Row

By LIU YÜ-HSI

Grass has run wild now by the Bridge of Red-Birds;
And wings, at sunset, in Blacktail Row
Where once they visited Wang and Shieh,
Dip among doorways of the poor.

An Exile Recalled

By LIU CHANG-CH'ING

Dare I, at my age, accept my summons,
Knowing of the world's ways only wine and song? . . .
Over the moon-tipped river come wild-geese from the Huns;
And the thinner the leaves in Huai, the wider the mountains in Ch'u. . . .
I ought to be glad to take my old bones back to the Islands of Heaven,
But what in the world am I good for, with a few white hairs? . . .
As bent and decrepit as you are, I am ashamed to thank you
When you caution me that I may encounter thunderbolts.

The Islands of Heaven mean the Capital, to which the poet is recalled from Chiang-chou (now Kiukiang), and from which he had been previously exiled because of a storm he had aroused by too freely expressing his own ideas.

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An Old Fisherman

By LIU TSUNG-YÜAN

An old fisherman spent the night there, under the western cliff,
Dipped up water from the pure Hsiang, kindled the Ch'u bamboos;
And then, at sunrise, he had vanished, through cloven mist,
With only the creak of his paddle left, in the greenness of mountain and river. . . .
I turn and see the waves moving as from heaven
And clouds above the cliffs coming idly, one by one.

Three Score and Ten

By MÊNG HAO-JAN

While worldly matters take their turn,
Ancient, modern, to and fro,
Rivers and mountains are changeless in glory:
We have come as witnesses . . .
Where a fisher-boat dips by a waterfall,
Where the air grows colder, deep in the valley,
The monument of Yang remains:
We have read it and have cried.

A Political Prisoner

By LO PIN-WANG

While the year sinks westward, I hear a cicada
Sing what I am thinking under my southern cap:
It has taken the song of those black wings
To break a white-haired prisoner's heart. . . .
For now that he has flown off, heavy through the mist,
And his clean voice drowns in the windy world,
Who knows if he be singing still?
Or listens any more to me?

A prisoner from the south would wear all of the northern prison-garb but keep his own cap to remember his own land. And the phrase "southern cap" has come to symbolize a political prisoner, with the implication that he maintains his ideas. This prisoner, for instance, cannot make his pure thoughts heard by the Emperor through the noise of the confused world.

From the City-Tower of Liu-Chou a Poem to My Four Fellow-Officials Chang, Ting, Fêng, and Lien

By LIU TSUNG-YÜAN

At this lofty tower where the town ends, wilderness begins;
And our longing has as far to go as the ocean or the sky. . . .
Hibiscus, by the moat, heaves in a sudden wind
And vines along the wall are whipped with slanting rain.
Nothing for ten thousand li but a blur of woods and mountain
And the river's nine loops twisting in our bowels. . . .
This is where they have sent us, this land of tattooed people—
And not even letters, to keep in touch with home.

A Farewell to Li Tuan

By LU LUN

By the old gate, among yellowing grasses,
Still we linger, sick at heart.
The path you are taking through cold clouds
Will lead you into evening-snow . . . .
Your father died and you left home young,
And I met you too late to avert your misfortunes.
We cry without words. What can I wish you,
In this blowing wintry world?

Dwelling by a Stream

By LIU TSUNG-YÜAN

I long have been hampered by official hat and robe
And am glad of exile to this wild southern district.
I am a neighbor now of farmers and planters,
I am a guest of the mountains and woods.
I plow in the morning, turning dewy grasses,
And at evening tie my fisher-boat, breaking the quiet stream.
Back and forth I go, scarcely meeting anyone,
And sing a long poem and gaze at the blue Ch'u sky.

Stopping at a Friend's Farm-House

By MÊNG HAO-JAN

Preparing me chicken and rice, old friend,
You entertain me at your farm.
We watch the green trees that circle your village
And the pale blue of outlying mountains.
We open your window over garden and field,
To talk mulberry and hemp with our cups in our hands.
Wait till the ninth day of the ninth month—
I am coming again in chrysanthemum time.

To My Retired Friend Wêi the Eighth-Born

By TU FU

It is almost as hard for friends to meet
As for the morning and evening stars.
Tonight then is a rare event,
Joining, in the candle-glow,
Two men a while ago so young
But now with temples turning gray. . . .
To find that half our friends are dead
Shocks us, burns our hearts with grief.
Little we guessed it would be twenty years
Before I could visit you again.
When I went away, you were still unmarried;
But now these boys and girls in a row
Are very kind to their father's old friend.
They ask me where I have been, on my journey;
And after we have talked a little,
They bring and show me wines and dishes,
Spring chives cut in the night-rain
And brown rice cooked especially.
My host proclaims a festival,
Urges me to drink ten cups.
But what ten cups could make me as drunk
As I always am with your love in my heart?
Tomorrow the mountains will separate us;
And after tomorrow—who can say!

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H. L. Mencken

By H. L. MENCKEN

ASK a professional critic to write about himself and you simply ask him to do what he does every day in the practice of his art and mystery. There is, indeed, no criticism that is not a confidence, and there is no confidence that is not self-revelation. When I denounce a book with mocking and contumely, and fall upon the poor author in the brutal, Asiatic manner of a drunken longshoreman, a Ku Kluxer, or a midshipman at Annapolis, I am only saying, in the trade cant, that the fellow disgusts me—that his ideas and his manners are somehow obnoxious to me, as those of a Methodist, a golf-player, or a clog-dancer are obnoxious to me—in brief, that I hold myself to be a great deal better than he is, and am eager to say so. And when, on the other hand, I praise a book in high, astounding terms, and speak of the author as if his life and sufferings were of capital importance to the world, then I am merely saying that I detect something in him, of prejudice, tradition, habit of mind, that is much like something within myself, and that my own life and sufferings are of the utmost importance to me.

That is all there ever is in criticism, once it gets beyond cataloguing. No matter how artfully the critic may try to be impersonal and scientific he is bound to give himself away. In fact, his very effort to be impersonal and scientific is a form of giving himself away, as the writings of my eminent colleague, Prof. Dr. Erskine, well demonstrate. I have never had the honor of being presented to Erskine, but I know quite as well as his grandmother that he is essentially a shy man—that the winds of doctrine alarm him and he has no stomach for rough adventure. Hence his plea for decorum and tradition, i. e., for what has passed the stage of experiment and danger, i. e., for safe harbors and refuges. He can no more get himself out of his criticism than he can get himself out of his skin. Nor can, at the other pole, the critical Bolsheviki of Greenbaum Village—all of them as foreign and as loathsome to Erskine, I daresay, as so many Nietzsches or Beethovens. When these bright young men print profound aesthetic treatises upon the art of Fatty Arbuckle, Gertrude Stein, and the "Parisian Widows" burlesque troupe, they say, of course, nothing that is pertinent to aesthetics, but they do say something extremely amusing about their own tastes, and hence about themselves. More, they say something even more amusing about the seminaries where they were bred to the humanities.

With criticism thus so transparent, so unescapably revelatory, I often marvel that the gentlemen who concern themselves with my own books, often very indignantly, do not penetrate more competently to my essence. Even for a critic I am excessively garrulous and confidential; nevertheless, it is rare for me to encounter a criticism that hits me where I live and have my being. A great deal of ink is wasted trying to discover and denounce my motive in being a critic at all. I am, by one theory, a German spy told off to flay, terrorize, and stampede the Anglo-Saxon. By another I am a secret radical, while professing to admire Coolidge, Judge Gary, and Genghis Khan. By a third, I am a fanatical American chauvinist, bent upon defaming and ruining the motherland. All these notions are nonsense; only the first has even the slightest plausibility. The plain truth is—and how could it be plainer?—that I practice criticism for precisely the same reason that every other critic practices it: because I am a vain fellow, and have a great many ideas on all sorts of subjects, and like to put them into words and harass the human race with them. If I could confine this flow of ideas to one subject I'd be a professor and get some respect. If I could reduce it, say, to one idea a year, I'd be a novelist, a dramatist, or a newspaper editorial writer. But being unable to staunch the flux, and having, as I say, a vast and exigent vanity, I am a critic of books, and through books of *Homo sapiens*, and through *Homo sapiens* of God.

So much for the motive. What, now, of the substance? What is the fundamental faith beneath all the spurting and coruscating of ideas that I have just mentioned? What do I primarily and immovably believe in, as a Puritan believes in hell? I believe in liberty. And when I say liberty, I mean the thing in its widest imaginable sense—liberty up to the extreme limits of the feasible and tolerable. I am against forbidding anybody to do anything, or say anything, or think anything so long as it is at all possible to imagine a habitable world in which he would be free to do, say, and think it. The burden of proof, as I see it, is always upon the policeman, which is to say, upon the lawmaker, the theologian, the right-thinker. He must prove his case doubly, triply, quadruply, and then he must start all over and prove it again. The eye through which I view him is watery and jaundiced. I do not pretend to be "just" to him—any more than a Christian pretends to be just to the devil. He is the enemy of everything I admire and respect in this world—of everything that makes it various and amusing and charming. He impedes every honest search for the truth. He stands against every sort of good-will and common decency. His ideal is that of an animal trainer, an archbishop, a major general in the army. I am against him until the last galoot's ashore.

This simple and childlike faith in the freedom and dignity of man—here, perhaps, stated with undue rhetoric—should be obvious, I should think, to every critic above the mental backwardness of a Federal judge. Nevertheless, very few of them, anatomizing my books, have ever showed any sign of detecting it. But all the same even the dullest of them has, in his fashion, sensed it; it colors unconsciously all the diatribes about myself that I have ever read. It is responsible for the fact that in England and Germany (and, to the extent that I have ever been heard of at all, in France and Italy) I am regarded as a highly typical American—in truth, as almost the archetype of the American. And it is responsible equally for the fact that here at home I am often denounced as the worst American unhung. The paradox is only apparent. The explanation of it lies in this: that to most Europeans the United States is still regarded naively as the land of liberty *par excellence*, whereas to most Americans the thing itself has long ceased to have any significance, and to large numbers of them, indeed, it has of late taken on an extreme obnoxiousness. I know of no civilized country, indeed, in which liberty is less esteemed than it is in the United States today; certainly there is none in which more persistent efforts are made to limit it and put it down. I am thus, to Americans, a bad American, but to Europeans, still unaware of the practical effects of the Wilson idealism and the Roosevelt saloon-bouncer ethic, I seem to be an eloquent spokesman of the true American tradition. It is a joke, but the joke is not on me.

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Liberty, of course, is not for slaves: I do not advocate inflicting it on men against their conscience. On the contrary, I am strongly in favor of letting them crawl and grovel all they please—before the Supreme Court of the United States, Gompers, J. P. Morgan, Henry Cabot Lodge, the Anti-Saloon League, or whatever other fraud or combination of frauds they choose to venerate. I am thus unable to make the grade as a Liberal, for Liberalism always involves freeing human beings against their will—often, indeed, to their obvious damage, as in the cases of the majority of Negroes and women. But all human beings are not congenital slaves, even in America. Here and there one finds a man or a woman with a great natural passion for liberty—and a hard job getting it. It is, to me at least, a vast pleasure to go to the rescue of such a victim of the herd, to give him some aid and comfort in his struggle against the forces that seek to regiment and throttle him. It is a double pleasure to succor him when the sort of liberty he strives for is apparently unintelligible and valueless—for example, liberty to address conventions of the I.W.W., to read the books of such bad authors as D. H. Lawrence and Petronius Arbiter, to work twelve hours a day, to rush the can, to carry red flags in parades, to patronize osteopaths and Christian Science healers, to belong to the best clubs. Such nonsensical varieties of liberty are especially sweet to me. I have wrecked my health and dissipated a fortune defending them—never, so far as I know, successfully. Why, then, go on? Ask yourself why a grasshopper goes on jumping.

But what has liberty to do with the art of literary criticism, my principal business in this vale? Nothing—or everything. It seems to me that it is perfectly possible to write profound and valuable literary criticism without entering upon the question of freedom at all, either directly or indirectly. Aesthetic judgments may be isolated from all other kinds of judgments, and yet remain interesting and important. But this isolation must be performed by other hands: to me it is as sheer a psychological impossibility as believing that God condemned forty-two little children to death for poking fun at Elisha's bald head. When I encounter a new idea, whether aesthetic, political, theological, or epistemological, I ask myself, instantly and automatically, what would happen to its proponent if he should state its exact antithesis. If nothing would happen to him, then I am willing and eager to listen to him. But if he would lose anything valuable by a *volte face*—if stating his idea is profitable to him, if the act secures his roof, butters his parsnips, gets him a tip—then I hear him with one ear only. He is not a free man. Ergo, he is not a man. For liberty, when one ascends to the levels where ideas swish by and men pursue Truth to grab her by the tail, is the first thing and the last thing. So long as it prevails the show is thrilling and stupendous; the moment it fails the show is a dull and dirty farce.

Mr. Mencken's article is the third in The Nation's *series of articles on critics by themselves. The first was by Heywood Broun in the Fall Book Number; the second by Ludwig Lewisohn in the issue of November 21. Carl Van Doren, John Macy, and E. W. Howe are preparing articles for this series. Further announcements will be made as the arrangements for articles are completed.*

Arabia Deserta

By MARK VAN DOREN

AN American edition of "Arabia Deserta"* would be the event of any year, as it is certainly of this. Until now Mr. Doughty's masterpiece has been either unobtainable in the original English edition of 1888 or too expensive in the facsimile of 1920. The new reprint, introduced by Colonel Lawrence, perhaps the only living man worthy of the privilege, brings one of the great travel books of all time within the reach—unfortunately it cannot be said the easy reach—of such readers as care a great deal for Arabia and in addition care everything for poetry.

For the book, besides being the most informing work on Northwestern Arabia in existence, is by any definition a stupendous poem. It is a triumph of human language, more remarkable even, in spite of the fact that it takes the form of prose, than Mr. Doughty's six-volume epic of "The Dawn in Britain." It relates the wanderings of its author in 1876-1878 over the triangle roughly marked by the three cities of Medym Salih, Boreyda, and Jidda, where "I wandered on, through that vast mountainous labyrinthine solitude of rainless valleys," or "rode with a friendly sheykh of the district Beduins, to live with them awhile in the high desert. I might thus, I hoped, visit the next Arabian uplands and view those vast waterless marches of the nomad Arabs; tent-dwellers, inhabiting, from the beginning, as it were beyond the World." And it employs a style which Mr. Doughty, "a disciple of the divine Muse of Spenser and Venerable Chaucer," deliberately invented for our difficulty, lest we think Arabia a land lightly to be entered upon.

"The book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia smelling of sámn and camels. And such, I trust, for the persons, that if the words (written all-day from their mouths) were rehearsed to them in Arabic, there might every one, whose life is remembered therein, hear, as it were, his proper voice; and many a rude bystander, smiting his thigh, should bear witness and cry 'Ay Wellah, the sooth indeed!'" The punctuation, the diction, the syntax, and the mind behind them conspire as we read to remove us thousands of miles and—literally—thousands of years from our accustomed selves. The other classics of Arabian travel, Burckhardt, Palgrave, Burton, Lady Anne Blunt, speak to us in rapid, modern, expository or narrative prose; and they are excellent. But after we have labored over the crowded and endless pages of Doughty these others seem the thinnest journalism. We turn back to the first sentence of "Arabia Deserta" and realize in a flash the secret of this heavy, slow music, this writing wherein each sentence has gone through the torture of a separate birth: "A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I paced again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand 'Tell me (said he), since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as

* *Travels in Arabia Deserta.* By Charles M. Doughty. With a New Preface by the Author, an Introduction by T. E. Lawrence, and all original Maps, Plans, and Cuts. Boni and Liveright. 2 vols. $17.50.

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the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?'"

The only effect which Mr. Doughty wanted to produce was the effect of completeness, and he has produced it. He did not know, or he disdained, the tricks of the ordinary travelogue—the panorama suddenly unveiled, the act of violence let loose with a complacent flourish upon the unsuspecting reader. There are no devices of arrangement, there are no sacrifices to picturesqueness. The result is picturesqueness on the grandest conceivable scale. We see everything, or rather we experience everything. A glimpse of a mountain or a village is caught for a moment—then that small part is swallowed up in the whole, as it would be for a traveler on the ground who was hungry and weary and in pain. More is always pressing from the sides; there is no rest. Had we been there, as sometimes we think we have, our memories now would be of this same blended sort. The caravan in which the author proceeded from Damascus to Medym Salih would present itself as now it does—an unending train of dusty camels, trudging every day toward Mecca and never quite arriving. We could as little pretend that we had dominated the scene as Doughty pretends, in the case of a certain stretch of volcanic desert, that he even existed before it. "We look out from every height, upon the Harra, over an iron desolation; what uncouth blackness and lifeless cumber of volcanic matter!—an hard-set face of nature without a smile for ever, a wilderness of burning and rusty horror of unformed matter. . . . There is a startled conscience within a man of his *mesquin* being, and profane, in presence of the divine stature of the elemental world!—this lion-like sleep of cosmogonic forces, in which is swallowed up the gnat of the soul within him—that short motion and parasitical usurpation which is the weak accident of life in matter."

The peculiar quality of richness which Mr. Doughty has achieved derives chiefly of course from the richness within himself; but he is not without an excellent technique for expressing it. He knows how to jumble poetic details with prosaic; he is not afraid to seem to be burying his best material. There is always a thick rain of facts, and toward the end of a long paragraph he does not mind pelting you with particulars in no order whatsoever. A single paragraph, like a single moment or hour of desert experience, is seldom a unit. Thus we get something vastly better than a series of essays or a series of views; the pages, like the realities, are interwoven. There is much wretchedness and no romance. There are patience and endurance, and there is an incessant coming and going of more or less hostile men; but there is no heroism. "Arabia Deserta" is never an adventure story. A sick mare, a camel, a dog is likely to take as much of the author's attention as a sherîf who wants to arrest him, a woman who wants to marry him, or a Nabatean inscription which as a scholar he must stop and copy. Animals indeed are faultlessly observed, and often they are described with a pen that Homer would not have been ashamed to hold. "They milk first for the mare and then (often in the same vessel) for the nomad household. She stands straining upon her tether, looking toward the pleasant sound of milking: the bowl frothing from the udder is carried to her in the herdsman's hand and she sups through her teeth the sweet warm milk, at a long draught."

"The more you learn of Arabia the more you find in 'Arabia Deserta,'" says Colonel Lawrence, who knows the Peninsula both as an archaeologist and as a soldier. Most readers will never go to Arabia, but the more they read "Arabia Deserta" the more they will find in it. It is an unquestionable classic in that, the most important, sense. To quote Colonel Lawrence again, it "has no date and can never grow old."

Books

Novel or Pamphlet?

Don Juan. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. $2.

MR. LEWISOHN in a recent article in *The Nation* has declared himself a pamphleteer, and further remarked that there is no reason why pamphleteering should not be as well done as any other division of the literary art. A pamphleteer he is, one of the best among our moderns, and never more effectively so than in "Don Juan."

Those who wish to quarrel with "Don Juan" as a pamphlet advocating more liberality in divorce will have plenty of argument on their hands. It is true that Mr. Lewisohn has handpicked his case. He has chosen for a hero a man so sensitively organized that the love of a loving wife, who cannot or will not understand him, is an oppression which makes all activity unendurable. He has chosen a hero with moral fiber so sensitive that sex satisfaction without love is impossible and its denial dulls his whole being. He has given him a wife whose love is indestructible by argument or circumstance, who is, in short, possessive to a degree that is almost pathological, and he has made him find and fall in love with a young girl exactly to his taste whom he cannot make his lover in fact without irreparable damage to moral standards which he accepts. His wife will not divorce him—that is the crux of the story. In the situation which Mr. Lewisohn provides, a man's life must be ruined, a young girl's first love wasted, in order that a wife may hold a husband who cannot be happy or even normal with her, or make her happy, unless it is happiness to have one's will.

Clearly this is a special case. Most men under such circumstances, and with the moral fineness of this Don Juan, would sublimate their passion, as the psychologists say: if they could not run away with their loved one they would find some *modus vivendi*, some outlet for energy within the bonds of matrimony. They would not find personal happiness, and to that they would have no prescriptive right—but they would not, like Lucien of this story, be smashed. And few wives of Elise's caliber would be so hopelessly wrong in their legal rightness as she, so entirely instinctive. Possessiveness would often give way to anger or at least pride. Mr. Lewisohn has imagined a situation in which the husband is absolutely right in wishing to be divorced, provided one grants that it is right for him to follow the only course in which he can be human, happy, and useful to himself or anyone. He has contrived a situation in which the wife has every legal right to hold him, since he has not committed adultery, not been cruel in the legal sense, not deserted her. With the intellectual's fondness for clarity and logic, whether in settling the war or in the muddle of domestic life, he draws up a formula, shows that it would save his character from misery, and then scorns the world for not adopting it forthwith. Mr. Lewisohn has proved his case for Lucien and Elise, but I can imagine a judge, wise in the experience of the divorce courts and the grosser souls that flock there, who might wag his head over a solution of the most urgent of modern problems which is studied from exceptional people in exceptional circumstances.

As an argument "Don Juan" does not impress me; but as a pleading before the bar of a stupidly conventional world it moves me deeply. Mr. Lewisohn has not proved that anyone should have a divorce when he wishes it, and presumably he never intended to, but it is impossible to read his story without

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a stir of indignation. It impels to one of two positions. Either marriage is a sacrament not to be broken, in which case the suffering of the mismated individual must be regarded as acquiring merit for his soul, or marriage is not a sacrament, in which case it is absurd that mental anguish, stunted development, and sexual repression should not be weighed as causes for breaking it, along with the so-called statutory offenses. We have radically altered the methods and causes by which and for which two people are brought together in matrimony—even the least thoughtful know that. Now we must reconsider the causes and the methods for which and by which they may be separated. As a plea for this "Don Juan" is a brilliant success.

Excellently written, poignantly argued, dramatically conceived, this book, however, must be praised as a pamphlet, not as a novel. For a novel of equivalent excellence must have personalities as human as they can be made, and Lucien, Elise, Helga the loved one, Grace, with whom Lucien solaces himself, are scarcely real. Each embodies a logical point in Mr. Lewisohn's argument. If they had been more human their "cases" would have been muddled, been full of cross-currents as in life; the emphasis must have fallen not upon the point to be proved but upon the personal fortunes of the protagonists. "It is the remediable moral suffering in the world that crowds my vision —the remediable moral suffering, remediable by a little hard thinking, a little tolerance, a little more goodness, a little less righteousness. If I write a criticism it is to further that supreme end; if I write a novel it is to further the same end." Thus, Mr. Lewisohn, in the self-portrait to which I have already referred. And that is just what he has done in "Don Juan"—written, according to my way of thinking, a rather unreal novel, a brilliant piece of special pleading, an admirable pamphlet likely to produce results. HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Chaplet of Prometheus

Fantastica: being The Smile of the Sphinx and Other Tales of Imagination. By Robert Nichols. With a foreword by John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ROBERT NICHOLS is a poet turned philosopher. At a time when it is considered the business of a poet to sit in his cage and sing sweetly, this meddling with large human problems will be held against him; and therefore he ought to be heard in his own defense. He is not in the least ashamed; indeed, he calls upon his fellow-poets to follow his example. "In the name of St. Francis, of Blake, of Shelley, cease you poets from lounging beside the hedgerows! Leave your somewhat fuddled loves and your fretful disillusions. . . . Give your thoughts more the quality of an act." For him this preoccupation with Truth is no apostasy to Beauty. The poets are the true "determinators of value," and a poet's truth may be quite as significant as a scientist's, and as powerful in guiding the destinies of mankind. So he explains himself in an earnest and interesting, if confused, preface.

This manifesto, for it is no less, may perhaps be taken, in conjunction with a few other contemporary instances of a similar sort, as a symptom of a change of mood among the younger poets, a wish to make of the poetic faculty not a mere refuge from the evils of life, but an instrument for dealing with life—a sword or a plowshare, instead of a pipe of dreams. And if the instrument is, as in this instance it would seem to be, insufficiently tempered or sharpened, it may still be recognized as of the same metaphysical steel that Blake and Shelley used in the planting of beautiful and the killing of ugly ideals of life.

In becoming a philosopher, then, Mr. Nichols has not at all ceased to be a poet; and it is in a poet's prose, and with a poet's mythopoeic gift, that he has expressed, in this book of stories, his thoughts and feelings about life. They are, these stories, fairy-tales in form; some of them not unfamiliar, but reshaped freely for his own purposes. As to what these purposes are, the preface-manifesto leaves us in no doubt. One might not always guess it from the stories themselves, but they are deliberately concerned with serious matters—with the most serious matter of all, what we want life to be like.

Where there are such brave intentions, one hesitates to pronounce judgment on the results; and yet, where the aim is so high, failure itself is honorable. An Icarus may all too likely find his wings melted by the white-hot splendor he has dared to approach so closely. Mr. Nichols might easily have avoided any such uncomfortable questioning of his success if, with his talents, he had dared less. It is to his credit that he has taken as his scope not merely "the illusions of troubled senses," but has ranged back through history and myth and forward into a speculative future—even though, as it appears, sometimes unfortunately upon sociological wings of wax.

But though not failure but low aim is crime in morals, in art on the contrary the final test is success. And Mr. Nichols, by his own preliminary declarations of intention, has made it practically impossible for us to grant him success. If Robin Hood begins by saying, "I will split yon willow-wand with my arrow," we cannot thereupon applaud him for hitting a bird on the branch above.

It was doubtless a mistake on Mr. Nichols's part to have thus called his shots. For art is after all not marksmanship. The thing one hits by accident may be well worth hitting. It is one of the curious qualities of a work of art that, if it is self-complete, it bears a variety of relations to the outside world of life, and hence a variety of possible "meanings," some of which are unsuspected and unintended by the artist. For the author to state his own interpretation of a tale is to do himself an injustice. "In this story I seek to bring to light the very justification, as I see it, of life itself: no humble ambition." It would certainly have been more discreet to leave the reader to find what meaning he might in the pleasant little fairy-tale so boldly vouched for, The Smile of the Sphinx, inasmuch as it could scarcely come up to such brave specifications even if it were better than it is.

Concerning Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda the author makes less rash claims, and one may easily find it to be not only an amusing variation upon an old legend but, with its very pagan rescued lady and its very Christian and medieval rescuing hero, an interesting study in the contrasting temperaments of two historical periods. But even here one is likely to find the author's prefatory guidance disturbing. "Once again the Will-to-enjoy-action is pointed at as Andromeda parades her Aristotelian dance." One claims leave, as a free citizen of the republic of letters, to see a point or fail to see it, without being jogged by an earnest auctorial elbow!

These are pleasant tales, particularly the latter, which justifies itself on those grounds of mere entertainment which the author is too hastily inclined to disparage. But the final tale, Golgotha & Co., must be taken seriously or not at all. It is a story of the Second Coming; this fable, as the author remarks, has been treated before—"but a fable is what one makes of it." And he makes a good deal of it by involving it in a large Wellsian-Chestertonian satire on modern industrialism and mob-psychology. The tale is indeed chiefly interesting as showing in grotesque enlargement some of the weaknesses of our civilization; but in these matters the central drama tends to get lost, and to emerge, when it finally does, in a state of vast confusion. The author's philosophic and poetic excitements over his theme have made him too forgetful of the requirements of story-telling.

Mr. Nichols does not fail to explain this story in his preface, and again there is a discrepancy between his magnificent intentions and his actual story. He intended to show that the doctrine of might must be overthrown, and that it is the poets who shall save the world. But in setting forth these intentions he says some interesting things about himself: "I am forever with Faust the Experimentalist and Prometheus the Creator. Indeed, as a young artist, I couldn't be anything else. . . . In an age dominated by disbelief and detachment I rejoice that I can

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believe and I endeavor not to be detached—not detached even so far as to separate my life and my art. When I take up the pen I take it as one who would serve life." In fact—and this is the conclusion to which one is likely to come as one turns again and again from these stories to this preface, and lingers there fascinated by the ingenuous egotism and adventurous youthfulness with which it is suffused—Mr. Nichols is more interesting than his philosophic fairy-tales.

Accordingly one formulates one's impressions of his qualities—not all of them good ones, but always with some grace to save them—only to find that he has anticipated the reader in this matter also, taken the words out of his mouth, and said of himself the worst and best that can fairly be said:

"How serious I have been! How much in earnest I am—sitting up to all hours of the night after a hard day's work in an uncomfortable climate in a far-off land—ignorant, unbalanced, presumptuous, determined, trying to be calm, carried away by passion, grinding at books distasteful to an artist, lacking in humor or pleasantness, conceited—justified only by only one thing, by the memory of the Forward Area of Ypres. Absurdly in earnest, maybe!—seeing how inept the championship, how small can be the results. I should not be doing this. It is not my job. But those who should be doing it lie dead; the skies lower; lightning flickers up the heavens like the silent brandishing of swords, and as yet not even the Legions of Love, the Samurai of the Ideal, are formed, still less has the youth, bearing about his brows the fiery chaplet of Prometheus, appeared."

No, Mr. Nichols has not quite stolen fire from heaven for us; but he has tried—and failed, if one must use that word, nobly enough.

FLOYD DELL

The Prince of Scholars

Erasmus: A Study of His Life, Ideals and Place in History. By Preserved Smith. Harper and Brothers. $4.

IF Erasmus is here more fortunate than he has yet been in the hands of a biographer, he owes his good fortune, in part, to a whole corps of recent editors and specialists, but in part, also, to the fact that Preserved Smith belongs with the few human beings who at once appreciate Erasmus and understand Luther. The book is therefore noticeably free from partisan enthusiasms. In temper Mr. Smith is closer to Erasmus, a reasonable man who loved learning; by long association in his researches Mr. Smith has been brought very close to Luther, a less reasonable man, who for the sake of a particular cause was willing to endure the horrid din and danger of theological politics. Though it is true that the later chapters of this study go now and then into what may seem excessive detail with regard to the conflict between the scholar and the reformer, this may possibly be justified on the ground that so were the later years of Erasmus confused, if not bedraggled, by the oppressive details of the controversy into which he was drawn. The total effect is unquestionably dramatic, like an ancient tragedy: a man who had put the arrows of reason into many hands saw various of his followers go to war and was himself wounded in his old age.

However tragic in certain of its aspects, the career of Erasmus must seem, to the scholar, almost Utopian. He was never seriously handicapped by poverty; he had all Europe for his scene of action, with princes and cities contending for the honor of entertaining him; he lived in an age when the rewards of learning were immense. To dig even a little beneath the surface in those days was to find a whole world of knowledge and beauty in the manuscripts, long neglected, of Greek and Latin authors who "after a thousand years of Gothic darkness" seemed like gold and myrrh and wine and fresh water and flaming sunlight. Erasmus and his contemporaries might concern themselves primarily with textual criticism, but it was no mere tedious editing for the rheumy eyes of a few fellow-experts. Every new manuscript was a genuine discovery, and each new author published measurably enlarged the universe. The more exact the text and commentary which a scholar produced, the more significant his influence at large. Nothing that Erasmus did, it may be guessed, did more to promote his humane and rational spirit than his Greek version of the New Testament. His "Adages" was after all a volume of familiar quotations, intended for the use to which such compilations are always put. His "Colloquies" was a textbook of Latin style. Even in his less technical works, like the "Enchiridion of the Christian Knight," the "Institution of a Christian Prince," or the famous "Praise of Folly," he was essentially the scholar relaxed, applying to the general life of mankind the strict yet liberal conclusions at which he had arrived in his studies. His eminence, of course, depends upon the presence in him of both erudition and imagination. Without imagination he would never have been a great textual critic. Without erudition he would never have given the edge and substance which he gave to his popular writings. The addition to these qualities of wit and comic force made him irresistible. Thus all the aptitudes of Erasmus conspired with the propitiousness of his time to make his career superb.

Sympathetically as Mr. Smith has followed that career, he does not suppress the inevitable question whether Erasmus might not have taken a more emphatic stand in the controversies which he helped to rouse. Doubtless he might have done so, but he would have had to be a different Erasmus. On this point there can hardly be an absolute conclusion. History, for all its abundance, does not show a single hero able in his own person to tear down as much as Erasmus and build up as much as Luther. While the race is waiting for some such paragon, it may well be lenient in demanding that this or that actual protagonist accomplish all that may some day be expected. Meantime there comes up the other question whether the cause of reason is not best served by those reasonable men who, like Erasmus, persist in acting, against no matter how many evidences, as though the majority of men were reasonable too. If Luther loved mankind too well not to feel under obligation to reform it, Erasmus paid it the enormous compliment of feeling no obligation to condescend to the reformer's arts.

CARL VAN DOREN

The Rootabaga Country

Rootabaga Pigeons. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

CRITICS of children's books are notoriously skeptical or gullible concerning second volumes of popular story books. More often than not—without apparent reading of the book—they are able to say of it either that it is distinctly inferior to the author's first book or that he has "done it again," and nothing comparable has appeared since "Alice in Wonderland" or Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. To one or both of these great classics it is the common habit of American reviewers to contrast all new children's books without regard to content, form, or atmosphere. One critic feels that "Rootabaga Pigeons" bears to "Rootabaga Stories" a relation similar to that borne by Lewis Carroll's second volume of "Sylvie and Bruno" to the first.

No such parallel exists in the case of Sandburg. The stories in "Rootabaga Pigeons" were, with one or two exceptions, written long before "Rootabaga Stories" was published. Carl Sandburg had been writing these stories for years just as they came into his mind. He had written enough of them to make two books. Whether two books or one should have been made of the stories is an open question. The situation is that we have two books of his stories—one published last year, one this year—which are equally entitled to fresh, full, and fair consideration for all the nonsense, the folk stuff, the poetry, the beauty, and the genuine child psychology they hold.

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Carl Sandburg alone could tell us which of the stories was written first. Does it matter? Are we not more deeply concerned with the nature and quality of his performance in both books?

It is true that the lightning of discovery rarely strikes a reader twice in the same place and those who were fortunate enough to read and like How They Broke Away to Go to the Rootabaga Country first will doubtless look in vain for any story in "Rootabaga Pigeons" to give them quite the same delicious sensation.

That story was wisely placed first in the first book. It either transports you straight into the Rootabaga Country or it leaves you high and dry where "everything is the same as it always was." There's no half-way station to Rootabaga. You go all the way or you don't go at all. If you go, you are delighted to meet bushel baskets going and coming, saying under their breath: "Bushels, bushels, bushels." It's just what one would expect a bushel basket to be saying, only in this day of records no one has ever recorded it before.

Sandburg's nonsense is fresh nonsense. If pressed for a comparison I would say that he has more in common with Edward Lear than with any other writer for children, but he is not an imitator of anybody and I think it would be impossible to imitate him successfully, for there's an essential truth to the life he knows behind all his stories. Many of them have the quality and charm of an artist's first sketch. Some of them were manifestly not written for children. When Carl Sandburg makes the selection from the two books for a definitive volume of American folk and nonsense stories for children he will have the unusual advantage of knowing which of his stories appeal to children.

Do children really like the stories? Some children do, other children do not. Children have as varied tastes in reading as we do. The children on whom they have been "tried out" by parents or teachers who actively dislike the stories are seldom attracted to them, and no wonder.

"Are you reading out of that book?" I asked a little girl of half-past four. She was looking at the picture of the Potato Face Blind Man playing his accordion in front of the post office.

"Yes, I read about the Potato Face Blind Man. He's playing to the flummywisters yodeling their yisters in the elm trees. They do that out in my yard. I love that Potato Face Blind Man. I read about the Zizzies too. They're so funny. The Zizzies make me laugh." And this little New England nonsense lover, who was born "funny inside," laughed as only a child can laugh who is not yet able to read in the accepted sense. Then she said, as she put the book into my hands, "You read it to me."

"I've never read a book anything like it before," said a twelve-year-old New York boy. "I tried to read the Wedding Procession of the Rag Doll and the Broom Handle aloud and I had to stop I laughed so. There's a whole lot of things I never knew about the West in those stories."

There's still more about the West in "Rootabaga Pigeons"—a little too much perhaps in the keenly satirical story of the Sooners and the Boomers. There are paragraphs in that story which might well be eliminated from a children's book.

But I do not propose to offer any idle, captious criticism of a book which contains, as I believe, so much genuine creative art as is to be found in "Rootabaga Pigeons." I may not like it better than the first book; certainly I found no more beautiful story than the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy, and I find "Rootabaga Pigeons" containing stories of more universal appeal, mellower, closer to children, happier in title, and positively charged with the best kind of child psychology.

The story of the Christmas twins born out in a tar-paper shack in a cinder yard holds for me something of that same deep experience of American life, its romance, its humor, its tenderness, its pathos, its playing the game, that Mark Twain began to draw upon when he wrote "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

I'm not comparing Sandburg with Mark Twain. I'm only saying he's writing fresh and very beautiful stories of American life for a new generation of Americans—stories which are bound to influence other writers for children because they stir and challenge the creative faculties of their readers.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

The Demon of Unemployment

The Third Winter of Unemployment. The Report of an Enquiry undertaken in the Autumn of 1922. By J. J. Astor, A. L. Bowley, and others. London: P. S. King & Son, Ltd. 6s.

The Economics of Unemployment. By J. A. Hobson. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 4/6.

The Burden of Unemployment. By Philip Klein. Russell Sage Foundation. $2.

"THE years 1921 and 1922 are the worst in the records of unemployment in this country [Great Britain]. In only one month in the present century before 1921 did the percentage of unemployed trade-union members exceed ten; in no month since March, 1921, has it fallen below fourteen." If short time be added to unemployment, "a fifth or more of the industrial power of the country is running to waste." In this striking form does the first book under review summarize the British situation. After two full years of unexampled depression, the autumn of 1922 still found one out of every eleven of the makers of textiles, clothing, and food, wholly unemployed, an eighth of the workers in miscellaneous industries, a sixth of the miners, building operatives, and transport workers, a fourth of the engineers and metal workers, and two-fifths of the shipbuilders. During the fiscal year ending March 31, 1922, the government dispensed more than £80,000,000 in relief to 1,850,000 unemployed workers; and at the end of August the number on the insurance books vainly seeking work still came to 1,427,311.

Small wonder, then, facing a third winter of unemployment with few signs of improvement, that a group of students and public men thought it desirable to make a study "of the extent and the effects of the present depression, of the means that have been adopted to relieve it, and the effects of these measures." Names like A. L. Bowley, Henry Clay, and Seebohm Rowntree guarantee the scientific character of the work, and the signature of Major the Hon. J. J. Astor testifies that this is not a "red" document. It is in fact a sober, objective, unemotional report showing once more that Englishmen know how to meet an impossible situation without panic and without passion. In addition to a careful study of official returns, the committee made nine illuminating local studies, whose leading results are here published, along with a ninety-page summary and interpretation for the United Kingdom as a whole. Call the roll of great British industries, mining, steel-making, and engineering, shipbuilding, shipping, and textiles, and Cardiff, Middlesbrough, Birmingham, Sheffield, Woolwich, Glasgow, Manchester, Burnley, and Stoke-on-Trent respond in these pages.

To deal first with relief, a general, compulsory, contributory scheme of unemployment insurance had gone into effect just before the depression fell. To meet the crisis, the actuarial basis of the plan had to be abandoned at once. Current contributions of employers, employees, and the state to the fund were more than matched by state borrowings from past and future funds for the purpose, and thus £67,500,000 was disbursed in unemployment benefits during the year ending March 31, 1922. In addition, the unemployed received nearly £8,000,000 directly in poor relief (out of a total of poor-law rates more than four times as large), while the government spent on relief works not less than £6,000,000, and on miscellaneous relief, including increased school feeding, another £1,500,000, thus bringing the total above £80,000,000. Even so, the government

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furnished less than half the living of unemployed families; for their maintenance simply at Rowntree's poverty line would have cost about £200,000,000 for the year. Manifestly the unemployed were still drawing on savings, wearing out old clothes and equipment, making shift as best they could. In addition to direct relief, the government aided in the provision of work through grants to local authorities in aid of housing and other useful enterprises, and through the guaranty of credit to statutory authorities and private companies to facilitate export trade and domestic capital undertakings—the last named being a plan with highly interesting theoretical possibilities.

What have been the results of this extensive relief work? Let the report answer. "The first and most important feature of the depression is that the widespread physical distress, which was the normal accompaniment of unemployment in pre-war depressions, has been prevented . . . by insurance allowances, poor-law relief, and school feeding, at any rate in the classes that suffered first and most before the war. More than that, there is a great deal of evidence that health has been maintained unimpaired." The report says simply and honestly: "Health is better than in pre-war depressions, because the pre-war starvation is prevented." The mental strain, however, is intense and accelerating as months and years pass. Has income without work proved demoralizing? "Is there a growing inclination to depend on public relief, a growing reluctance to work? The evidence is rather to the contrary." Despite the disastrous effects of the loss of regular steady work, as regards the body of the workers "maintenance without work . . . is at any rate less demoralizing than unemployment without maintenance." "The great discovery that has been made is that a system of allowances by which the worst effects of distress are prevented does not necessarily involve widespread demoralization." An exception must be made regarding those unfortunate youths who spent in the army the years they should have spent learning a trade. "The fault is not theirs. . . . Their case . . . places a special responsibility on the society that let them come into their present condition."

The local reports indicate little political unrest, though the not illogical demand for full work or full maintenance was occasionally heard. Generally, however, the investigators found a "spirit of caution and acquiescence . . . a disposition to grin and bear it, and a distrust of panaceas from whatever quarter they are offered." "Other politicians besides the Communists have suffered deflation in the depression," remarks the report, dryly.

With characteristic British realism, the writers incidentally face the question whether the war has not readjusted industries and redistributed population so as to make recovery impossible for particular localities. Broadly speaking, their somewhat tentative conclusion is that a more or less catastrophic readjustment was inevitable, and that the only permanent remedy probably lies in a relocation of population (possibly with assisted migration) and its reabsorption into industries which must meet the ever-changing demands of world markets by a perpetual process of technical, commercial, and financial adjustment.

Into the bottom question of all the report does not enter. Is Great Britain as a whole overpopulated? In other words, is the continuing collapse of her market as an entirety to prove relatively permanent? For a stimulating if unorthodox answer we turn to John A. Hobson's "The Economics of Unemployment." The book is essentially a restatement and development of Mr. Hobson's well-known under-consumption or over-saving theory of crises. Put in a nutshell the theory is this. Under a fairly equal distribution the growing pressure of wants would keep a right balance between the immediate satisfaction of spending and the postponed satisfaction of saving. But as it is, the rich practically cannot spend their income (instance the 1 per cent of American income receivers who enjoy 14 per cent of the national income), and therefore they automatically "apply to the production of capital-goods a proportion of the aggregate productive power that exceeds the proportion needed, in accordance with existing arts of industry, to supply the consumptive goods which are purchased and consumed." Hence the ceaseless struggle for markets, the constant growth in the energy devoted to selling, as compared with making, goods, and, springing out of the belief in a limited market, the ca' canny policy of labor, the restrictive policy of the trust, and the national policies of protection and imperialism. And hence the overbuilding and consequent underemployment of plant (instance attested engineers' estimates of "excess capacity" in various American industries ranging mostly from 25 to 50 per cent), and the periodic piling up of unsalable goods, with the consequent crash of prices, shutting down of factories, unemployment, and all the well-known phenomena of the business crisis.

Mr. Hobson's remedy, in principle, is simple. "If the surplus income of the rich which produces this congestion and these stoppages were absorbed, either by the increasing share of the workers, or by the needs and uses of an enlightened state, or by both, this economic disease would be remedied." In slightly more detail, Mr. Hobson urges national ownership of prime monopolies, and control of profits, prices, and conditions of employment in competitive industries, "the whole of this linked up by a tax system whereby society secures for beneficial public services the idle elements of income which do not nourish or evoke productive effort."

Now it is no reply to Mr. Hobson to assert that by checking capital increase he would lessen, for example, the 3 to 4 per cent annual increase in the physical production of goods that has characterized the United States during the past half century. His point is that too large a *proportion* of income is saved, that the resulting capital-goods can function only feebly and intermittently, and that smaller proportionate saving with larger proportionate consumption and consequent steadier and more vigorous production would result not only in a larger and more regular flow of consumable commodities, but in an increase in the actual *amount* of saving, and a consequent greater absolute increase of capital-goods than now takes place. It is at this point, then, that his critics must join issue. Recent theorists have justly attacked him for giving us an industrial rather than a monetary theory of the crisis. Yet they have not succeeded in demolishing his basic contention that "bad" distribution inevitably upsets production—and it may be doubted whether they can do so.

Few close students of recent quantitative investigations into the distribution of income and savings in the United States, however, and into the relation between bank credit and the price level will probably be willing to accept Mr. Hobson's theory as a complete explanation of the business cycle. Yet our new knowledge of the large proportion of our saving that is "automatically" effected by corporations and wealthy individuals lends the more force to his contention and presents yet more sharply to disinterested thinking men the challenging question whether, in view of the facts of the cycle, the greater menace to prosperity is to be found in the activities of those who in good faith seek to maintain essentially unchanged our present distribution of income and our machinery of investment, or in the efforts of those who in equally good faith are seeking to forward those modifications which Mr. Hobson sums up as "the progressive movement in the life of the industrial nations." Certainly the latter group will nowhere find a more thoughtful and reasonable advocate of their proposals than Mr. Hobson.

Yet the reflective enthusiast, as he notes the present huge expenditures for armament and war, is likely to pause when he observes Mr. Hobson postulating "an enlightened state," and one that absorbs increasing income in "beneficial public services." Mr. Hobson would doubtless reply, in view of the causation of modern protectionism and imperialism, that his reforms would cut the tap-root of war, and again his critics would be hard put to it for a satisfactory retort.

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From these two thought-provoking English books one turns with a measure of impatience to Philip Klein's "The Burden of Unemployment," a study of the half-baked, uncoordinated, largely unplanned relief measures undertaken in fifteen American cities during the winter of 1921-22. Here is no analysis or study of unemployment, no attempt at all to grapple with the real problem, but rather a handbook for charity workers and improvised mayor's committees, telling them largely what not to do when the disaster has come. For those who value that sort of thing the book will doubtless prove valuable. The rest of us can only continue in our wonderment that a great Foundation endowed with immense resources should forever go on choosing to be only a stretcher-bearer in the war on poverty. Fortunately, in the hunt for the unemployment dragon there are other organizations, even if less richly endowed ones, that have chosen to use the instruments of scientific research to help track the beast to his lair and there if possible to slay him—or at least to cut off the tip of his tail. And they are making progress, despite wars and self-seeking politicians and sentimentalists and automobiles and movies.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

An Authentic Novel

J. Hardin & Son. By Brand Whitlock. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

IN the course of a lifetime of desultory reading I have grown, without conscious effort, into the habit of classifying novels as real and unreal. This is necessarily a rough method, and would probably be of slight value as a formula for the higher criticism; but it helps me. I make no pretense of being a higher critic.

The *unreal* novel has the same relation to literature that a vaudeville stunt has to the drama. It is something put together—more or less ingeniously—for the purpose of pleasing, or shocking, or thrilling. Such a novel is a corridor of emptiness in which one hears the echoes of other books and the footfalls of manufactured climaxes.

The *real* novel is set up around a core of truth and insight. Candor is more important than style; and penetration is more important than beauty. When you get through reading a real novel you may or may not agree with its author; and it is even possible that you may not like his book, but you will at least have the refreshing sense of having listened to somebody who has something to say.

"J. Hardin & Son" is a real book—genuine, vital, and sincere. It has depth; there is no flatness of the cinema about it. Depth of atmosphere and depth of character. When its people stand in the foreground their shadows stream away behind them. You feel that there is more to the story than you see in the cold type; that all these people have a past; that one must read between the lines. This sense of intimation is one of the great arts of literature.

The theme is ancient, but Mr. Whitlock gives it fresh color and substance. It is a story of the spiritual conflict between two generations, between the crystallized, austere, and stubborn will of a puritanical father and the expanding, flexible, artistic spirit of his son.

The scene is laid in a small Ohio town, and the story begins in the early eighties, when Paul Hardin is nine years of age. It comes to a close when he is forty-eight, and the sleepy little town has grown into a city fully equipped with railroad yards and beauty parlors. It is a record of a life which, in its early years, vibrated with feeling and temperament. In the course of time the joy of living slowly fades. The father passes away into a stern and rock-bound heaven, we suppose, but the son cannot escape his influence. There is a touch of Ibsen's "Ghosts" in this uncanny survival of a set of prejudices.

In the whole of his life the elder Hardin has never taken a drink, has never played poker, has never laid hands on a girl, has never enjoyed the vices in any form. Reading between the lines one can see that he has always wanted to do all these things. He makes a joy of renunciation, and his household is one of cheerful gloom. When Paul is about twenty he has a mild affair with a milkmaid on a farm. The news of this adventure reaches his father, who happens to be foreman of the grand jury then engaged in improving the morals of the county. He actually summons his own son before the jury for the purpose of holding him up publicly as an immoral object lesson.

This is not a burlesque. There are men entirely capable of doing that.

Paul is a born artist. What could a born artist do in Macochee except become the town drunkard or its richest man? Paul did not care much for liquor, so he turned his vivid imagination to business. His marriage was unhappy and loveless—through inexperience. But he does not escape love. Few people do. The town has a "pretty milliner." (What conventional devices Whitlock brings in!) Evelyn is her name, and Paul is genuinely and deeply in love with her. The thing becomes a public scandal, and his wife leaves him. She is as dissatisfied with him as he is with her, but she refuses to divorce him because that would not be proper. He and Evelyn are about to leave together when he is stricken by remorse, gives up his sweetheart, is elected president of a bank, and goes to the station to meet his wife, who has decided to come back to him. Poor little Evelyn is left standing on a country road, a pathetic figure against a gray sky. It is very annoying, and very much like life.

Remorse is the strangest of all sins. It is so useless. None of the great people of antiquity, except the Jews, knew anything of remorse. The old Jews cultivated it in a small and timid way, especially when their own rascality got them into trouble. The Puritans borrowed the idea from the Jews and improved it. Before they got through they had made it a really big thing. They left it, together with the Puritan conscience, as their legacy to the world, just as a churlish tenant, before giving up a house, sometimes throws a dead cat into the well.

"J. Hardin & Son" is a novel about the Puritan conscience and its attendant remorse. It is a novel of revolt. Although it is not a great book, it is a fine one. It falls short of greatness because—at least, so I think—Mr. Whitlock did not take enough pains in writing it. I suspect him of composing it on a typewriter. Over whole pages its sentences have a tendency to become flat and soggy. The book has beauty, but it has little or no charm. It is excellent in spite of its style.

It is an authentic novel, and is well worth reading.

W. E. WOODWARD

The Degradation of the Human Spirit

Christ or Mars? By Will Irwin. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

IN "Christ or Mars?" Mr. Irwin continues to garner the ripe fruit of his experiences as a reporter of the great war. His "The Next War" summed up massively the physical indictment of war—the obvious lessons to be learned from the first world war, to date unheeded, and the relentless logic of the preparedness doctrine, eventuating in the self-destruction of militarism. If many of the predictions made in this earlier volume may have seemed at the time excessive, the last two years have amply proved that Mr. Irwin understated rather than overstated the case against modern war and the imminence of another, possibly final, attack of this suicidal mania. The present volume is concerned with the spiritual balance sheet of war, and Mr. Irwin, like Sir Philip Gibbs—and one might add every enlightened observer at close range of the conduct of the recent war—presents the inescapable conclusion that modern warfare having discarded the last vestige of chivalry and restraint has become nothing less than mass murder and destruction, conducted for the first time with the resources and thor-

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oughness of science. There is practically nothing to be said for this sort of war on the spiritual side, and the military apologists for war hardly need confutation. Spiritually, as physically and economically, war has become a dead loss to humanity.

Mr. Irwin's exceptional opportunities for the study of war as scientific slaughter and his temperate, unpartisan spirit, the spirit of a kindly, sympathetic citizen of the world with the beguiling American optimism of "It can be done!" make all that he says about its phenomena valuable testimony. Yet his conclusion—which is the special message of this book—deeply felt and often tenderly expressed as it is, that somehow humanity must get Christianity *en masse*, that the organized churches of the Christian faith must make the abolition of war their next great crusade, is not convincing on the evidence cited in the book itself of the inability of Christian principles, professed by the vast majority of the belligerents, even to humanize the last atrocious conflict. The fact would rather seem to have been proved incontrovertibly by the late war that modern peoples are not Christian either in spirit or in belief, and that for nearly two thousand years they have been paying a lip service to a faith that six days out of seven, if not on the seventh, their actions denied. The mournful spectacle of the priests of all Christian churches appealing simultaneously to a common God for victory over their enemies, and their death and destruction, would seem to have been sufficient to expose finally the pretense of the belief that our modern world is Christian in any sincere sense of the word. The fact that thousands of Christian ministers found no inconsistency in leading the hymn of hate, in urging their peoples into the bloody and unchristian arbitrament of arms, felt no sense of hypocrisy in standing before their congregations in the name of Christ and denouncing the Hun (or the Englishman as the case might be) would seem to the clear mind to prove conclusively that modern Christianity is not even remotely concerned with the teachings of Christ. The one sect that acted their Christianity was the Society of Friends and their very limited appeal to the peoples of today is but another proof of the absence of that Christian spirit in modern society which Mr. Irwin so confidently depends upon to work the mightiest miracle of all time.

No! It would seem wiser to accept the overwhelming proofs of the recent crisis that ours is not basically a Christian world, although it has been calling itself such, and seek boldly for those actual faiths according to which man lives today in Western Europe and North America—not merely professes on Sunday, but lives seven days in the week and for which he is willing to lay down, not only his life and those of his sons and brothers, but also his money. In that last word, not lightly dropped, would seem to lie a more promising path toward the abolition of war than the one optimistically advocated by Mr. Irwin. Mr. Irwin accepts as a matter of course the economic origin of all modern wars. Why not go the necessary further step and recognize that modern society because of this fact exists in a perpetual condition of endemic or incipient war? In order to eradicate the horrible manifestations of the disease at its explosive stage, it would seem necessary to check its operations in the incipient stages, that is in our times of so-called peace. Assuming, as Mr. Irwin assumes, and as every honest minded student of the case must assume, that wars are economic in origin, the cure must be made along economic lines, i.e., along lines of business—money. It is in man's lack of control of the economic garment of his life, his attitude toward property, that the root of his suicidal mania is to be found—and its cure.

Incidentally, Mr. Irwin himself recognizes that great moral reforms such as the abolition of slavery and prohibition have been ultimately brought about by a widespread realization of the economic waste in the customary practices. Why not therefore in war? The white races will give up the practice of war when the masses of their people recognize that war no longer pays. That is obvious to many already, but unfortunately it is not true as yet for the profiteer—and every modern business man is a potential profiteer—and the politician, for both see at least an immediate profit in the social disturbance attendant upon war. Until they can be convinced of the futility of war for them and their satellites, the military-minded, the popular journalist, and other social scavengers, war will continue to breed in times of peace. As always it is a race between man's intelligence, inhibited by old instincts and drugged by interested propaganda, and his parasites. Which will win the day nobody can predict, but from all signs it would seem that the race had got nearly to the last lap.

ROBERT HERRICK

Modern Ghosts

Uncanny Stories. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Changeling and Other Stories. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company. $2.

TODAY we are all of us more or less pragmatists, and even our ministers are busily engaged in destroying the fountain-head of religion by assuring us that this is a common-sense world. When we fear we generally fear quite tangible things, for the matter-of-fact light of noon which floods our existence is not conducive to that terror of the unknown which is terror indeed. Yet the ghost story can still sometimes evoke a very pleasant dread if only it is irrational enough, if only it is far enough away from our prosaic belief in a universe of natural law. When it can eerily suggest that the world has gone mad and can make us for a moment believe that the sane and commonplace regularity of nature, which our experience and our science have taught us to rely upon, has given way, so that any unheard of thing may happen, then abysses open before the imagination, and it is pleasant to realize vaguely for a moment the unstable and mysterious world in which our primitive ancestors lived in terror.

But such a thrill is purely atavistic and cannot be modernized. Any attempt to state mere common sense in the terms of the mystagogue is an abomination, and hence comes the failure of May Sinclair's seven stories of the supernatural which are far too rational to produce either wonder or terror. Miss Sinclair is neither primitive nor romantic, and the uncanny forces which she calls into play are born not of her religious sense (the only true begetter of the world of terror) but of her ethical earnestness, so that her stories have the coldness of theology instead of the glamor of legend. Each supernatural force works logically to punish some vice and the result may be edifying but is certainly not beautiful. When ghosts become reasonable the ghost story dies.

Where Their Fire Is Not Quenched and The Flaw in the Crystal are typical. In the first a woman who has a feeble little affair with a man she does not love is punished by being compelled to pass an eternity of loathsome union with him; in the second, Agatha Verall discovers that the mysterious power which she has of curing afflicted people is lost when her crystal is flawed by earthly love for one of her patients. Essentially these stories are mere moral fables, and the moral scheme which they exhibit is a rather anemic one at that, so that the stories not only fail to thrill but seem petty in addition. Surely Dante would never have deemed worthy of hell and the unquenchable fires so tepid a sinner as the heroine of the first story who was hardly guilty of anything more terrible than vulgarity. Sin, if there is such a thing, is surely something more important and passionate than a lapse in taste, and Byron's fancy of a God who said on the judgment day to trembling mankind, "Fools go your way, do you suppose I would take the trouble to damn such creatures as you?" would seem quite adequate for her case. Only a very vulgar God would find it worth while to punish such a vulgarian. If in our fiction we are to upset the world it should be for something worth disturbing nature for.

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If Miss Sinclair did not have her remarkable power of telling almost any story with amazing succinctness she would not, in the present case, stir the reviewer to so much protest, but it is maddening to see such skill wasted upon such trivial material. She cannot but arouse a certain amount of interest and admiration but essentially these stories are ghostly only in their complete unreality. They suggest not a passionate sense of life and a rich experience but a very skilful juggling with imagined incidents and hypothetical motives—the work of a person who has spent her time in perfecting artifice rather than in observation or experience. Miss Sinclair would call before our imaginations the unknown world beyond the limits of human experience, but there broods over her work a spirit which seems to come not from the vast mysteries but from some quiet, curtained room where a retired lady moves decorously about to the accompaniment of the discreet rustlings of her silk. She has in the past sometimes described greatly a very limited world but she is lost when she strays even into the more passionate world which we know, let alone when she would penetrate the immensities.

Mr. Donn Byrne, on the other hand, could no doubt write excellent ghost stories if he liked; he has the sense of wonder. But the everyday world seems to him so delightful and so strange that he is not tempted to go elsewhere, and he can make a metropolitan courtroom seem more uncanny than Miss Sinclair's Beyond. No other contemporary writer of fiction save James Stevens is so naively or unashamedly romantic and few, if any, are better able to hypnotize the reader into believing that this drab world is as glamorous as fairyland. If one were able to examine his plots in cold blood many of them might seem both preposterous and a little bit cheap in their unrestrained romanticism, but his exuberance and the rich poetry of his language hold the critical faculty prisoner and one listens to him as one listens to some inspired liar—as, for instance, the poor harassed mother listened to Peer Gynt and his ravishing fabrications.

His secret, I think, is merely the secret of sincerity. He writes romantically not because he believes that "people have enough of the unpleasant in their own lives" or because we "ought to look on the bright side of things," but simply because, being endowed very richly with one of the famous Celtic temperaments, he sees everything invested with the glamor of his own enthusiasm. There is a folk twang to his speech and a folk twang to his poetry which is born naturally from the hunger for wonder so characteristic of his race. Drunk with life and drunk with words, he rushes along so exuberantly and joyfully that we can only stop in amazed gratification to find that a soul so genuinely naive can inhabit the body of a modern writer and invest rather foolish stories with such glamor. He and some of his fellow-Irishmen have a flavor which is unique in modern literature.

J. W. KRUTCH

Our Changing Constitution

Recent Changes in American Constitutional Theory. By John W. Burgess. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

MR. BURGESS enjoys the distinction of being the creator of the first school of political science in America. By wise academic statesmanship he picked some of his students for training abroad in jurisprudence, legal history, and public law, found them posts as teachers of history to sophomores, and then with their aid developed a graduate school devoted to the study of the art or science or philosophy or practice of government. Now, over a decade after his retirement from active teaching, he surveys the recent changes in American constitutional theory and practice in a small volume designed especially, as he says, for the more than ten thousand students whom he has been privileged to instruct, as a "maybe, final word from their old teacher." It will not distress him that the welcome extended by them to this testament does not carry full agreement with all its clauses; for he closes his introduction with the wisdom that intolerance of difference of opinion is death to our free institutions and that such difference must be not merely tolerated and respected but "must be sought, invited, and encouraged, for only through the clash of opinion and the attrition of thought can man press onward toward the goal of truth and the perfection of civilization."

Such difference of opinion is certain to be engendered by Mr. Burgess's study of constitutional theory. Agreement and disagreement will alternate from page to page. To followers of herded opinion the author's judgments on recent constitutional changes will seem a strange motley of brands and mavericks. There are laments dear to the editorial hearts of the New York *Times*, the New York *Nation*, and what was yesterday the New York *Call*. It was a mistake to pass the income-tax amendment, the prohibition amendment, and the woman-suffrage amendment. We have violated cherished constitutional principles of the Fathers in compelling conscripts to fight a foreign war, in loaning money to foreign governments, and in forbidding men to speak ill of our form of government and jailing them for expression of opinion. The Espionage Law found another name for treason and thereby escaped the constitutional restrictions on definition and punishment of treason. The Spanish War was unnecessary and unwise, and participation in the League of Nations would be worse. Such conclusions, viewed loosely, make Mr. Burgess seem a man divided against himself. Yet those familiar with his philosophic foundations and his modes of reasoning will anticipate that the interesting and significant attraction of his essay is the manner in which these superficial diversities are shown to have an inner unity.

Mr. Burgess derives his principles of "sound political science" from some fundamental concepts reached by a priori reasoning and validated, he believes, by experience. Of these the primary one is the separation of government from the supreme power in a state. As a necessary corollary there must be the duly reserved constitutional immunities of the individual protected by an independent judiciary. For government of wide areas there must be the restriction of the powers of the central government to the scope of interests plainly national. In the past our American system admirably clung to these ideals. Of late years we have been forsaking them. Obviously the national income tax, the war and the Volstead Act greatly exalted the national government at the expense of both the states and the individual. Woman suffrage is somewhat harder to fit into the conceptual picture. The author does it by pointing out that women have always been the leaders in the fine enterprise of what he calls "voluntary socialism"—another name for charity. Now with the ballot they are likely to seek the same ends by political action and thus to promote "the gradual expansion of state socialism at the cost of the great American system of voluntary socialism, which has been our glory and safety."

While Mr. Burgess says that he has "undertaken to make a statement, to trace a historical movement, not to advance an argument or file a plea," it is not hard to discern where his own judgments lead him. What interests us most is the basis of those judgments. Do they come from the principles of "sound political science" discovered or evolved by the scholar through the use of some objective right reason in his study, as Mr. Burgess undoubtedly sincerely believes, or are they after all only the individual preferences of an individual man influenced by his environments, his tastes, and his interests, gathered up into a conceptual system which has room for them or which, if necessary, is unconsciously expanded to make room for them? This is a question which can never receive a hundred per cent answer. It must be a matter of more or less. It is easy to demonstrate that the so-called principles of constitutional law declared in Supreme Court decisions are in no small part the product of individual predilections of the judges. It is hard to doubt that the principles of sound political science are not also of fallible human origin. Certainly the process of government will not follow the orderly concepts of the philosophic

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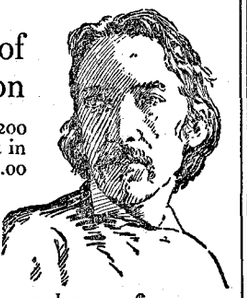

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inquirer. Nevertheless, it is well to have such concepts set before us, and to be cautioned that we should think of the wisdom of the means we choose as well as the wisdom of the ends we seek. It is well to be brought face to face with the question whether we are consciously picking our way or are wandering blindly. Yet for all this it is hard to dismiss the doubt whether in such a human enterprise as government we can wisely steer our course by the beacon of ideal principles assumed to be inherent in some wise natural order. Mr. Burgess must find most of us more consciously pragmatic in our judgments than he is and must leave some of us wondering whether his own judgments are not more personal and more pragmatic than he is aware.

THOMAS REED POWELL

A Real Interpretation

Mexico: An Interpretation. By Carleton Beals. B. W. Huebsch. $2.50.

MR. CARLETON BEALS is unusually well qualified to write of present-day Mexico. He lived intimately with the closing events of Carranza's rule. He has been a ringside witness of what he shrewdly calls the "revindicating revolution," the regime of Obregon, Calles, and De la Huerta. Travel in Spain gave him a first-hand acquaintance with Mexico's European heritage. Two years in Italy, sandwiched between his Mexican experiences, permitted close study of the rise and collapse of its proletarian movement and the coming of Fascismo. To this special equipment he brings a luxuriant historical background, an unfettered mind, keen observation, and a broad human sympathy. "Mexico: An Interpretation," is the product of these qualifications.

The approach is but partly narrative. He unravels the various strands that make the Mexican fabric—the Mexican proletariat, the middle class, the aristocracy, the church, the military, the women, the foreigner. The color and movement of present-day Mexico seep through and through his craftsmanship—a rare blending of art and scientific fidelity. His hues are riotously flung; his words paint the crimsons, oranges, and purples of the Mexican blood, sunlight, and crowds and impart to them the caustic essence of the native red chile. His touch is daring, unfaltering, and searing; there is no special pleading. One interpretation invites questioning. "The pacific Maya," says Mr. Beals, "hates the Aztecs, Zapotecas, and Mixtecas." He foresees the secession of Yucatan, Quintana Roo, Tabasco, Chiapas, and Campeche, "the day a strong Central American republic is created." This is assuming a good deal. Given an unhindered development the Guatemalan Mayas would be more likely to seek, through annexation with Mexico, the emancipation which they see their Yucatecan blood brothers achieving. But this, too, is speculation.

What, too, is the basis for the sweeping statement "the *Mestizo* though more Indian than Spanish has less moral integrity than the former. He is skilled in treachery, cunning, and self-seeking." This disposal of half of Mexico's people seems at variance with Mr. Beals's otherwise level-eyed questioning of widespread assumptions. His indorsement gives the statement strength, but one longs for evidence. Nor is he easy to follow, when after the unsparing condemnation of a cold recital of the facts in President Wilson's Mexican "policy" he concludes: "It cannot be gainsaid that he broadened and liberalized the Monroe Doctrine; and his idealism, however misdirected, cannot upon this point be questioned." Why not? Haiti and Santo Domingo are throbbing interrogation points. The unwarranted bombardment of Vera Cruz and the subsequent abandonment of really endangered Americans in Tampico have led some Americans to conclude that at best President Wilson rationalized as "idealism" his prejudices, antipathies, his determination that what he conceived to be, must be.

Omission from the book of mention of the new cultural efforts in Mexico is doubtless due to Mr. Beals's connection with the Department of Education. Less explicable is the abrupt disposal of the complex agrarian tangle which he leaves by saying simply "The problem is now to modernize the *ejido* system." Of course modernization (in consonance with the aspirations of her people) is the problem of every phase of Mexican life. Working out this problem is something else.

To point out that a few of Mr. Beals's brilliant portraits seem slightly overcolored, that his selection of a few cases of incest merely weakens his condemnation of the Mexican aristocracy, that his American colony pictures its worst and to some extent its departed elements, is not to alter my judgment that on the whole his book is an extraordinary achievement in artistic photography, shrewd analysis, and masterly condensation. It has lifted the steadily rising level of contemporary literature about Mexico several notches. Like Bertrand Russell in his "Problem of China" Mr. Beals has accomplished the unusual feat of creating a book worth reading even by those who have no especial interest in the country described. It is a contribution to current world thought.

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He looks at the lava congealed on the slopes of Etna, and cries:

> "My heart will know no peace
> Till the hill bursts."

He looks at the grape, and remembers with anger that portions of mankind have forgotten how to be drunk.

> "Soberness, sobriety.
> It is like the agonized perverseness of a child heavy with sleep,
> yet fighting, fighting to keep awake;
> Soberness, sobriety, with heavy eyes propped open."

Whenever he looks at people—and he hates people—he sees them gray, correct, and hard. He is bored by the ideal intellect that freezes and rarefies the universe; he wants the distant dusk again, wherein all things seem large and strangely powerful. He is sick of the flatness of democracy; he is enraged by the proprieties of the great middle mass:

> "I long to see its chock-full crowdedness
> And glutted squirming populousness on fire
> Like a field of filthy weeds
> Burnt back to ash,
> And then to see the new, real souls sprout up.
> Not this vast rotting cabbage-patch we call the world;
> But from the ash-scarred fallow
> New wild souls."

Much as he scorns the ideas of Walt Whitman, like Whitman he asks that the world be made over in the image of bigness.

Like Whitman, too, he often is incoherent and merely strident; but when he hits he hits like thunder. His utterance, usually prose, has a way of becoming, through sheer energy and insistence, prophetic and so poetic. He cannot or will not work for an effect in the ordinary way. He despises the patience with which most poets refine their lines until they can penetrate the imag-

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ination and, once within, dilate it. He is direct. His words are huge stones that he hurls with intent to crush his subject into submission. And at least half of the time the result is great. The pieces here on Persephone, on humming birds, on goats, on asses, on fishes, on snakes, are masterpieces in their kind. And one had better get out of the way of his elephants:

"The best is the Pera-hera, at midnight, under the tropical stars,
With a pale little wisp of a Prince of Wales, diffident, up in a small pagoda on the temple side
And white people in evening dress buzzing and crowding the stand upon the grass below and opposite:
And at last the Pera-hera procession, flambeaux aloft in the tropical night, of blazing cocoanut,
Naked dark men beneath,
And the huge frontal of three great elephants stepping forth to the tom-tom's beat, in the torchlight,
Slowly sailing in gorgeous apparel through the flamelight, in front of a towering, grimacing white image of wood."

MARK VAN DOREN

The American Jail

Crucibles of Crime. By Joseph F. Fishman. Cosmopolis Press. $2.

WHEN, in 1921, at the semi-centennial meeting of the American Prison Association, Dr. Hastings Hart, in making his report on County Jails, said, "Men and women of the American Prison Association, I charge you with fifty years of neglect of the most hopeful and most deserving part of our prison population," he spoke the conviction of all thoughtful students of penology in the United States. Joseph F. Fishman adds renewed emphasis to this charge of neglect in his recent volume on the American jail—"Crucibles of Crime."

Perhaps the reason for the neglect of these institutions by the public is contained upon the title-page of his book. There you will find beneath his name these words: "For many years the only inspector of prisons for the United States Government in territory embracing the United States, Alaska, and Porto Rico; and independent prison investigator and consultant for Federal, State, and Municipal governments." Surely, with but a single light-bringer, it is quite understandable why public opinion in America has been inert and indifferent to the problem about which the American people have never been adequately informed.

If Mr. Fishman's voice has been single thus far, he has now taken our most characteristic and perhaps most effective means for its multiplication—the publishing of a book of his findings. The volume is a sustained and searching indictment of our American jails of which he has visited approximately fifteen hundred during the past sixteen years. No section of the country is omitted from his general indictment, and few jails in the country are excluded from his condemnation. "As they stand at present the jails of the United States, generally speaking, are giant crucibles of crime. Into them are thrown helter-skelter the old, the young, the guilty, the innocent, the diseased, the healthy, the hardened, and the susceptible, there to be mixed with further ingredients of filth, vermin, cold, darkness, stagnant air, overcrowding, bad plumbing, and all brought to a boil by the fires of complete idleness. Only the strongest material can resist such fusion."

His volume is a record of human degradation—the product of public indifference, of administrative incompetence and ignorance, and political exploitation which has acquired national proportions. It is an outspoken record of fact that makes it a good report and in some cases a moving report, in spite of its many literary defects.

Throughout the book there is a certain inevitableness about the horror of conditions in American jails. It seems to be an evil thing out of which evil alone comes. Yet Mr. Fishman assures us that the main requirements for remedying these conditions are "common sense and some intelligent attention to the matter." He enumerates some specific remedies that would eliminate the present revolting conditions, and each one in turn seems to be informed by common sense and practical experience.

Yet, as one lays down the book, one realizes that facts—even facts vividly presented—will not compel a remedy. Social change is not a question of fact but of social purpose. It will require the burning zeal of men who care about their fellowmen, who see with a clear vision what the social purpose of our American jail should be, and who can and will interpret this new purpose to the citizenship. The public needs the presence of vibrant personalities—such as a John Howard or an Elizabeth Fry of a century ago, or a Thomas Mott Osborne of our own time.

SPENCER MILLER

A Feminist's Point of View

Women of the French Revolution. By Winifred Stephens. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THAT Winifred Stephens is a feminist can be deduced without knowing any more about her than what is to be gathered from this book. It is apparent everywhere—in her indignation at the discrimination of revolutionary legislation against her sex, in her refusal to subscribe to the conventional conceptions of feminine inferiority, in her frequent allusions to the political indifference of many modern Frenchwomen of note. Her original desire and intention probably were, therefore, to write a history of the feminist movement during the French Revolution. But such a task would have involved a thorough study of an extensive field and that, she frankly admits, she did not attempt. As her abundant footnotes indicate, her sources were almost entirely the secondary works of her predecessors in the field—among others, Michelet, the De Goncourts, Laserre, Aulard—and the memoirs of some of the women considered. But if she was unprepared to write a history of the feminist movement, she was not satisfied simply with giving short biographical sketches of the leading female figures of the revolution. She chose, consequently, a hybrid form of presentation, devoting about a chapter to each of the chief activities of the women of the French Revolution—agitation, the salons, writing, fighting, religion, feminism, divorce—and relating, as they appeared, the stories of the outstanding exponents of each activity.

Miss Stephens foresaw that this method would have its shortcomings, "one of which is some slight repetition," and attempted to obviate this by frequent references *ante* and *post* in her footnotes. Unfortunately the repetition is more than slight; it is sufficient to be disconcerting and confusing. The phases of Mme Roland's career, for example, are discussed in several different chapters, and because she is given most space in an early one on Women Writers, in the fields of the revolution where she exerted greater influence she receives less attention than others not so important. Furthermore, in restricting herself to only a few of the aspects of the revolution in which women were involved, Miss Stephens was able to give to Marie Antoinette but incidental consideration, and to Mme Tallien, whose chief significance lies in her share of the responsibility for the end of the Reign of Terror, only brief mention as an anti-feminist.

But if there are some things left out of the book that ought to have been included, there are almost as many included that ought to have been left out. Why a number of men like Condorcet, Roland, and Camille Desmoulins were dragged (by their wives' necks, as it were) into a work of this nature is not clear. Nor is it any more reasonable that the story of how Mme Legros, who is not again referred to, secured the liberation of the Marquis de Latude from the Bastille in 1784 should be included in a book which professes to deal only with events from May, 1789, to July, 1794. This intrusion of foreign matter is all the more remarkable because the author otherwise keeps carefully within the chronological limits she set herself, even

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to the point of ending her book somewhat *in medias res*, at the point where women's clubs were banned by the Convention. This occurred months before July, 1794, but the feminist author naturally considered women's political parties the climax of her story and put it last, with the result that the chapter ends where it ought, but the book does not.

Being a woman and an Englishwoman to boot, Miss Stephens finds it hard to regard the revolution as something more than the Reign of Terror. This may be because she sees the revolution through the eyes of those whose memoirs she has read. Despite the fact that many of the women of whom she tells succeeded in living until well into the nineteenth century, she indorses the implication of Sieyès that it was a sufficient accomplishment to have remained alive during the revolution. To read Miss Stephens's book without a previous knowledge of the revolution would leave one with the notion that of the 25,000,000 people who inhabited France in 1789 there must have been only about 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 left in 1794. (As a matter of fact there were no more than 20,000 or 30,000 civil executions all told between 1789 and 1794 in all of France.) For Miss Stephens, Robespierre, despite Mr. Mathiez's interpretation, is still the "sea-green monster" of Carlyle's imagination. Charlotte Corday, a silly girl whose only title to fame lies in a futile murder, is still the "angel of assassination" of Lamartine's poetic fantasy. The virtuous Mme Roland is still a "rabid republican" long before the revolution (even if she did seek a title of nobility for her husband). And the *Enragés*, worried chiefly about profiteers and the price of bread, still are socialists. *Quae cum ita essent*, no wonder so few achieved "the miracle of living throughout the Revolution"!

The history of the women of the French Revolution yet remains to be written. The writer, whether English or French or American, man or woman, feminist or anti-feminist, sympathetic or unsympathetic, will have to see the revolution not alone through the eyes of the women he writes about, but through the aid of the memoirs of the men as well and of the newspapers, parliamentary and club debates, contemporary books, pamphlets, diaries, journals and correspondence, and in the light of the most recent historical investigation. Miss Stephens's undertaking is more inclusive than Michelet's work of the same title and more profound than Haggard's, but it still leaves much to be desired.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

The Nazarene Again!

The Man Himself. By Rollin Lynde Hartt. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus. By George Berguer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE clear, stimulating atmosphere of these two books on Jesus brings to mind, by contrast, the stifling miasma of Papini's "Life of Christ" which has been monopolizing attention in recent months. The Italian's alleged biography added nothing either to our knowledge or understanding of the Nazarene; it simply repeated the sentimental romanticisms of Dean Farrar and his school, with an appalling admixture of bad scholarship and worse theology. Yet the work was widely read and rapturously acclaimed. One can hardly hope for such a reception of the two sterling books under review, and the fact is to the discredit of the American public, especially of its religious leaders.

Mr. Hartt's book is brave, honest, brilliant, and useful. It is literary, even journalistic, rather than scholarly in style, but it has a background of scholarship which is as accurate as it is adequate. Mr. Hartt has gone to the Bible with a fresh, open mind and the modern spirit, and has read its pages as he would read any other book, or books, for information. "Toward the end," he says "a sublime figure emerges." Tearing away from this figure all mythical and legendary elements—the miracles, the virgin birth, the resurrection; casting out all "theological addenda"—the incarnation, the atonement, the trinity; avoiding discussion of the Nazarene's career, to which he devotes fewer pages than the eighteen in Bousset's famous volume, the author takes us straight to "the man himself," and presents him as a young Jewish rabbi, of marked limitations, who "could make mistakes," parochial in knowledge and experience, but of flawless character and profound spiritual insight, a man who gave himself heroically to the service of an unselfish cause, and left behind him an example of virtue and a record of wisdom which prove him to be "the greatest religious genius of all time."

Central in Jesus's life and teaching, and therefore in any understanding of the man, Mr. Hartt places the idea of the second coming. "Only by taking seriously his belief in his second coming . . . can we determine what manner of man he was. He held that belief with entire conviction. It was his central idea. All his other ideas radiated from it." It explains, says Mr. Hartt, Jesus's indifference to Roman rule in his country, to slavery and the subjection of women, to all problems of political and economic life. It explains his action in "discrediting family affection," his "manifestly impractical notions about property," his amazing self-assertion. It makes clear the character of his death as a martyrdom deliberately sought in fulfilment of Messianic prophecy. The idea, of course, was mistaken. Jesus was the victim of an illusion. But "it gave him his mission," and served as the vehicle of the sublimest religious teaching in the history of the world.

We read Mr. Hartt's book with reservations. We are not convinced that the idea of the second coming is so centrally important as he makes it. We find it difficult to understand Jesus in that last tremendous week in Jerusalem as an actor playing a role in a preconceived Messianic drama. Our memory of the writings of Walter Rauschenbusch rises up to confute the assertion that the Nazarene had no interest or part in social reforms. We are certain that Mr. Hartt undervalues the moral worth of the Old Testament, and is almost absurdly blind to the significance of the prophets whom he delights to style mere "dervishes." But these reservations diminish not a whit our admiration for his work. Its independence, boldness, originality are beyond all praise. We know of few books to match it for sheer vividness and power.

Mr. Berguer's volume brings us what we have been long anticipating—a psychoanalytical study of the life of Jesus. The book is as scholarly as Mr. Hartt's book is popular in style. Introductory chapters on methods and sources, footnotes, an appendix, an eight-page bibliography, and a full index, all combine to reveal the author as a trained scholar, engaged in the task of presenting a work of careful original research. Yet the book is fascinating reading, thanks in part to an admirable translation by Eleanor and Van Wyck Brooks.

Mr. Berguer is as uncompromising as Mr. Hartt in his separation of the "half-legendary, half-dogmatic" from "what is strictly historical in the gospels." His approach to the problem, however, is different. He is not content to stop with the record itself, and show what is false and true therein. He makes it his particular task to go behind the record, and show what the false as well as the true may mean. The gospels are the product, in other words, not only of events but of souls working upon events. They reveal "the psychology of those who have spoken in them"—"the psychology of the first Christian community . . . the psychology of the author of the gospel of John . . . finally, the psychology of Christ Himself." Professor Berguer wants to find and reveal these psychologies; and he does this by treating the gospels not so much as a narrative of outward historical events as a projection of inward spiritual states.

Using the now familiar principles of psychoanalysis, clearly exposited in the opening chapter, the author takes up certain aspects of the life of Jesus, and explains them from his especial viewpoint. The birth, the tales of childhood and youth, the baptism and temptation, the miracles, the transfiguration, the death

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and resurrection, fall in turn beneath his exacting scrutiny. In all the purely legendary element is stripped away, to reveal the workings of certain individual souls, and the great "popular soul" itself, "in the presence of a heroic and admirable life such as that of Jesus was," and more especially of course the soul of Christ, a sublime spiritual genius seeking to make men over into the likeness of the divine which he had found and realized within himself. We are not competent to judge of the soundness of this method of interpretation. We can only record the illumination it has brought to our mind, the profound reverence with which the author has prosecuted his task, and the noble beauty of the person of the Nazarene which is left when his task is done.

These two books must be anathema to Christian orthodoxy. They will give many a shock to liberals. But together, in their drastic emphasis upon modern methods of historical and psychological analysis, they indicate admirably the direction in which all future study of the Nazarene is certain to move.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Victorian Byways

Studies in Victorian Literature. By Stanley T. Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

MR. WILLIAMS has evolved the subject matter of these studies according to a plan well tested by the critical essayists who are enjoying vogue at the present time. "I have written them," he explains in his foreword, "as an expression of the belief that one may learn much concerning an age by haunting its by-paths."

The furbishing up of a tarnished literary reputation or the "discovery" of an author ignored by posterity (and like as not by his contemporaries) is often a piquant business. But Mr. Williams has a capacity for gravity which makes his revaluations of Victorian literature somewhat different in temper from what we have come to expect of the literary historian when he addresses a general public. These essays reveal the sort of miscellaneousness with captivates interest, for they have to do either with obscure names, or hidden and more or less unsuspected aspects of the great—the relations of Landor and Matthew Arnold to their contemporaries; the Mid-Victorian criticisms of George Brimley; the contrasted boyhoods of J. S. Mill and Edmund Gosse; Kingsley's "Yeast"; Newman's literary preferences; the unusual "serenity" of Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling"; and the future of "Past and Present."

This is an incomplete, but representative, list of the contents of Mr. Williams's Victorian studies, and substantiates his conviction that "disparate as they are, each book or person here thought worthy of an essay projects a tendency of the Victorian era." He touches the Christian Socialist and Tractarian movements in essays upon the chief figures in each—Kingsley and Newman, the former related to his day by "Yeast," that "singular combination of Platonic dialogue, tract, sermon, diatribe, and ballad," the latter by his secular literary preferences—Cicero, Addison, Thackeray, Bacon (for style, not philosophy), Milton (for poetry, not theology), and George Herbert (for style, philosophy, poetry, and theology).

In several respects the volume fails to meet one's legitimate expectations in the way of scope and variety. That is explicable, of course, from the fact that the essays have been collected for book publication from periodicals, and that some have little connection with the rest other than physical contiguity. Thus we have four essays on Matthew Arnold's poetry, considered theoretically, technically, and historically, but nothing on the scientific agnosticism of the age as represented, say, in Herbert Spencer. There are included discussions of Clough's prose and Landor's sense of superiority, but nothing on such an energetic controversialist of the day as Thomas Huxley. There are "Two Poems by Rossetti" but nothing of that curious aspect of nineteenth century humanism—the positivism of Frederic Harrison and his fellow-Comtians. For these lacunae which definitely limit the scope of the book we may better blame the circumstances of compilation than Mr. Williams. At his threshold it is more just to lay our burden of disappointment that he did not bring his intimate knowledge of the literature of Victoria's reign to bear upon the general public with a more insinuating and jocund pen, and that, in dealing with general ideas, he could not have divested himself of his skill with scholia.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Mirrors of Paris

As They Are: French Political Portraits. Anonymous. Translated by Winifred Katzin. Alfred Knopf. $2.50.

THE American boys who arrived in war-time France expecting to find every Frenchman a Roland and every Frenchwoman a Jeanne d'Arc suffered grievous disillusionment. But some of them liked the French they discovered better than the illusions they lost.

There is little illusion in these portraits. The anonymous writer is very French. If one is looking for an American-made "Mirrors of Paris" done with a wealth of newspaper anecdote he will not find it; here is graceful persiflage (a little weight added in the course of translation) and rapier comment spiced with philosophy. Here is the pepper of malice for Caillaux and Painlevé, and even for Herriot and Briand—the author hates all men of the Left. His admiration is keen for Foch and Poincaré, but keener still for André Lefèvre and Millerand. Loucheur, Tardieu, Barthou, Viviani—they all pass in review. To win his enthusiasm one must be not only conservative but a renegade radical, preferably a skeptic turned Catholic. But his prejudices do not prevent his search, not for the incident, but for the philosophy of these politicians' careers.

He knows French politics, as the political writers of the French newspapers—who usually nourish political ambitions themselves—do. He dwells upon the extraordinary fact that for twenty years after the Dreyfus Affair, whatever changes were made in prime ministers, the so-called Radical Party held the post of Minister of the Interior, and thereby swung elections; and he rejoices that Poincaré has for the first time broken the charm and installed Maurice Maunoury in the Place Beauvau. Even Maunoury is not quite "Moderate" enough to please him (it is one of the significant curiosities of French politics that a conservative is called a Moderate, a mild liberal a Radical, and that "Socialist" is a loose term which in this country would include anyone who did not want to lease the post office to the late Mr. Wanamaker).

Knowing French politics, he is cynical. "In this country, where military heroism is current coin, civil heroism, or even ordinary civil decency, is almost nowhere to be found," he sagely reflects. He insists, rightly, that the French is the most middle-class of nations, and he dwells upon the association of that class with "the financial oligarchy, which is the veritable if anonymous government of our country." He emphasizes that instinctive thrift which, as the doughboys discovered, is one of the dominant traits of French character. Many mediocre politicians, he says, have jumped to fame when they touched finance. "Let figures, budgets, the national housekeeping accounts be called in question, and immediately the French bourgeois comes uppermost. For be he great or small the French bourgeois is so near to the dour French peasant, he has been brought up in such a school of domestic economy, his personal affairs are in such excellent order, that he burns to restore the same order to the affairs of the nation." That is penetrating comment, but, unfortunately, French character includes another contradictory trait which the author shares but ignores—a passion for glory, even though it be empty.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

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Portraits, Rather

Roman Pictures. By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE narrator who speaks so wittily, so naturally, and so engagingly from the pages of "Roman Pictures" presents himself in the first paragraph loitering on an afternoon, long years ago, by the pretty little Fountain of the Tortoises, after "having drifted hither and thither about Rome, from the Gate of the People to the Baths of Caracalla—drifted day after day in my solitude through a month of April more divinely blue and golden than the first spring-days of the world; and whether I was in the body or out of the body I scarcely knew; for I moved in a great bubble of imagination." Desirous for something to break into his solitude and his dream, "not that I was tired of either, but because my dream and my solitude would be still more beautiful if I could look at them for an hour across an interval," he is met by Deering—Deering who speaks and dresses and poses in Italian, Deering the superior, who looks down from the height of six whole months of experience in Rome, patronizingly counsels his friend to "come out of books," and generously offers to start him on the way to acquaintance with "the real Rome," the city unsuspected by the ordinary gaping tourist.

Deering goes off with his friend to no such banal scenes as the Palatine or the ilex-shadows and gray spaces of an evening on the Aventine and in the further country, but to a plush-and-gilt-and-mirrored café in the Via Nazionale, where they meet with real Rome in the persons of Bannock, an American singer out for the conquest of Europe, who knows exactly what is the matter with opera in Rome and why his conquest is being delayed, with Jaffrey, a slender and shabby dancer who knows all about the circumstances that are keeping *him* from his own, and with Edna, Jaffrey's partner in dancing and cockney and the ambition to emigrate to America and sure success.

This is the manner in which Deering, who modestly mentions once or twice that "there seems to be something of the Italian in me," gives his friend "a push, with his benediction, and one thing led to another, and I started to collect Roman pictures of a new sort"; and this is the reason why the reader will not find in "Roman Pictures" the more or less untidy mingling of history, description, anecdote, gossip, and sentiment that experience leads him to expect in all but scholastic books on Rome, but the narrative of a series of encounters with a variety of persons, most of them visitors or sojourners in the city, most of them as snobbishly superior as Deering himself in the conviction that they alone possess the secret of the real Rome, and all of them so individual that the reader feels like renaming this book of Mr. Lubbock Roman Portraits instead of Roman Pictures.

These pictures do indeed include glimpses of the real Rome of the other and more familiar sort, as in the great roaring church when the high swaying throne, borne upon the shoulders of faithful knaves, comes down the lane between the throngs assembled, with its "ancient white-robed figure that sits aloft, springing upright and subsiding again with outstretched hand, and a smile, a fixed immemorial smile in a blanched face, beneath a pair of piercing eyes: Rome, Rome, indeed;" or as when the day begins as crystal, towers to its height in azure and gold, sinks to evening over the shadowy plain in pearl and wine; but these exquisite graces are not the stuff of the volume.

"Roman Pictures" is the book of a penetrating judge of character, a satiric observer of manners, and an accomplished literary artist. It will appeal most strongly to those familiar with English and American society in Rome, but will be enjoyed and admired by all who appreciate a finished style, a well-knit unity, and a well-governed satiric mood.

GRANT SHOWERMAN

In a Magic Country

Barrie Marvell. By Charles Vince. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

THE very fact that this book might be placed in any category of juvenile literature from "Jack the Giant Killer" to "The Diary of a Young Girl" indicates how inapplicable would be any sort of classification of its contents. Mr. Vince has presented a boy who seeks to interpret his childish experiences in terms of the legends and fairy tales he knows and loves. Sometimes the things that Barrie Marvell draws into his magic country do not live up to the immutable code of fairy land; the picture of two beautiful ladies is removed before he, as Prince, has chosen one of them for his Princess; or the unkempt garden ceases to be an impenetrable jungle because a stupid uncle, all unaware that his palpable imitation is destroying the illusion, insists on roaring like a lion behind the shrubbery. Sometimes his mother and other gifted "grown-ups" can enter into the spirit of his imaginings and play the game through to the end; the three young men, for instance, who turned into true fairies making wishes of great import and giving presents of magical powers!

But whether our imaginative youngster is shocked by the contacts with concrete reality or whether his dream world is vindicated by the sympathy of adults, the incidents are, in the main, trivial and overemphasized. The author's pursuit of beauty seems as futile as a puppy's chase of a butterfly. For though Mr. Vince writes simply, placidly, and well, he cannot make his narrative more interesting by virtue of his prose. To be sure, it is not the offensive monotony of a trombonist practicing the scales but rather the gentle sameness of a tinkling cowbell on a hillside. And many a sentimental soul, strange to sylvan scenes, has found such tinkling a mainspring for ecstasy!

Had Mr. Vince found more of such matter as The Three Fairies is made of, he would have added color and variety to his story. For the zest and verve of that chapter are the results of a truer perspective and a more subtle realization of values. It is distinguished from the rest because there he conceives Barrie Marvell as the center of an adult world, a world we know, appreciate, and are interested in; whereas the other chapters present the boy in a universe of his own creation, a sphere far too small to deserve the exploring, the sounding and mapping, that the author deems necessary.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

Injun Babies. By Maynard Dixon. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Mr. Dixon's "seven stories about Injun babies and one about a fish" were originally written and illustrated for his little daughter, Constance, who spent many months with her father while he was painting down in the Navajo country. A-Wáy-She-Go, the runaway girl, So-Bée-Yit, the boy who got brave, O-Só-Sti-ki, the greedy girl, and No-Páh-no-Mah, the-long-time-alone boy, and all the other Injun babies live very near to nature. The big winds, the blue mountains, the fires of chips and pine needles and sweet grass "with its nice white smoke," the birds, the animals, the snake, and the horny toad appear in the stories again and again. They are the friends the Indian children turn to for help and to whom they sing their magic songs. The stories are for little children, but the humor in them appeals to older ones as well, and the story of So-Bée-Yit, the boy who got brave, has something in it for a child of all ages. There is a gay cover and the endpapers show a very busy Indian encampment. The illustrations are drawn with the strength and sincerity characteristic of all Maynard Dixon's work.

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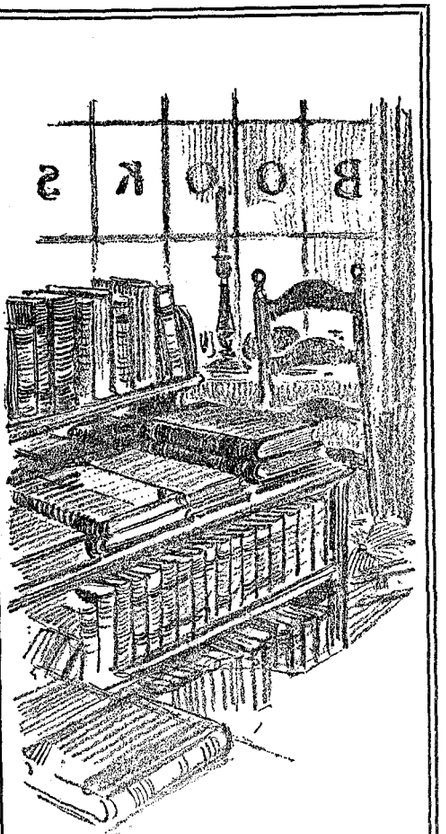

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Sidelights on Negro Soldiers. By Charles H. Williams. B. J. Brimmer Company. $3.

A dispassionate, most entertainingly written, and informative account of the service of Negro combatant units, labor battalions, and civilians in the late war and of the various war-time organizations which worked with Negro troops as observed by one who for eighteen months investigated conditions affecting colored soldiers, under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ and of the Phelps-Stokes Fund. Because of its total lack of bias or bitterness it is all the more a scathing arraignment of the alleged democracy of America toward her colored citizens. For example: "In Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., a prayer-meeting was conducted in an area where Negro soldiers were located, but a soldier with a rifle on his shoulder was doing guard duty, pacing in a circle around the group to see that no Negroes attended." Mr. Williams tells, as well, of many Americans who in the stress of war were able to rise above the race prejudice which made the lot of these colored soldiers so difficult a one. He points out the amazing loyalty and self-sacrifice and devotion which Negro soldier and civilian alike demonstrated during the war, and the futility of this sacrifice in this "war to end war."

The Puppet Master. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.75.

Mr. Nathan's second novel continues in the vein of "Autumn" and "Youth Grows Old"—a vein which is very agreeable, but which surely cannot flow forever. The poems in "Youth Grows Old" were grave and fine because the author, a gifted young man, affected to be old and wished to be wise. "Autumn" took a similar tone; many tender things were said about life by one who was supposed to have lived quietly somewhere for a long time. Papa Jonas, the puppet master in the present book, is an old, moody man who pretends, along with the rest of the characters, that his puppets are alive, have love affairs, marry, think, laugh, weep, and converse. The careers of the puppets, like those of the real people about them, are in turn pathetic and gay, and there is opportunity for satire of a sort, of course. But the book in general is so gentle and so dull that one begins to wonder a little impatiently when Mr. Nathan will discover youth—when he will decide to see life closer up. He need not be less poetical then; he need only be less faint and far away.

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Social Life in Ancient Egypt. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

This is the forerunner of a more extensive work, the "Descriptive Sociology of Egypt," to be published in accordance with the will of Herbert Spencer. It is a thoroughly documented and intelligently arranged work, from which irrelevant and repetitious material has been rigorously winnowed, and well sustains the author's thesis that "nothing beyond what is self-developed in the brain of the race is permanently gained, or will survive the changes of time."

American Poetry Since 1900. By Louis Untermeyer. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

This is both a treatise and an anthology. It is based upon the author's "New Era in American Poetry" (1919), although much of it has been rewritten and entirely new sections have been added on Elinor Wylie, Jean Starr Untermeyer, George Santayana, Native Rhythms, and Other Voices. As an anthology the book is valuable throughout. As criticism it ranges all the way from gossip and vulgarity to the genuine thing. All of it is vigorous, and some of it is subtle. There are quantities of information.

Social and Diplomatic Memories. Second Series. By Sir J. Rennell Rodd. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

A continuation of the first series, reviewed in *The Nation* of July 11. It is written in the same attractive style as the earlier volume, but is of less varied content and therefore of less general interest, as it deals wholly with the author's official service in Egypt under Lord Cromer from 1894 to 1901. This period covered the Fashoda incident and the remarkable mission to Abyssinia of which Sir Rennell himself was in charge in 1897. His story of this latter journey makes an interesting addition to the literature of travel. The book is notable also for its valuable appreciations of Kitchener and Cromer.

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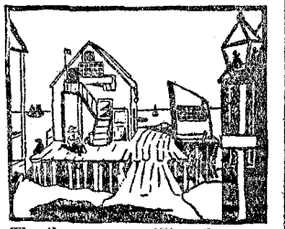

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Music

Victor Maurel, Singing Actor

JUST when the term singing actor entered into operatic parlance I do not know. Nor could the late Victor Maurel, though one of the most distinguished of the species, have been the first to illustrate it. On that point the testimony of history is unmistakable. Manuel Garcia and his two famous daughters, Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot; Giuditta Pasta, acclaimed *the* lyric tragedienne of the eighteen-twenties; Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, the devastating effect of whose dramatic genius on the grand ducal audience of Pumpernickel has been recorded by Thackeray in quite his most affecting manner; the bass Lablache, who in at least one comic part, so Théophile Gautier tells us, buzzed about the stage like a gigantic and benevolent bumble bee; Sophie Cruvelli, Therese Tietiens, Ronconi, Obin, Niemann, Faure. . . . But why prolong a desultory and imperfect catalogue?

Tomaso Salvini is said to have retorted with asperity when somebody asked him whether it was true that he had coached a certain singer in the acting of an important operatic role that he had not coached this or any other singer, and added that he had yet to see the opera singer who could act at all! That opinion has been echoed by numberless other actors of the spoken drama. And yet so shrewd an observer as the late William F. Apthorp once wrote that the acting of Maurel and of Milka Ternina in opera was so utterly illusive that one felt it would be just as great in Shakespeare and Ibsen as in Wagner and Verdi.

As a matter of fact, some twenty years ago in Paris, Maurel did attempt the spoken drama. But after a few performances he gave it up, alleging as his reason that the technic of acting in spoken drama was too different for him to master at his age. The inference is clear that the acting of the lyric stage, though by no means the same as that of the so-called "dramatic" stage, is not necessarily bad (all the pump-handle tenors and semaphoric sopranos that afflict our eyes to the contrary notwithstanding). And it is worthy of note that some singing actors have crossed the bridge to the spoken drama with great success.

At any rate, Maurel was so much an actor that the older critics of the stage unblushingly compared his Iago with Booth's and Irving's, and his Falstaff in Verdi's opera admittedly outranked any other Falstaff, sung or spoken, of the last half century. One may judge the versatility of the artist from the fact that Maurel was supreme as Falstaff, as Rigoletto, and as Don Giovanni! Physically the Fat Knight and the deformed jester testified to a surpassing skill in make-up. Don Giovanni, Almaviva, and de Nevers happened to be the parts for which Maurel was born, for the gods were kind to him in stature, face, and figure, and no great noble of the court of Valois or of Bourbon ever wore the plumed hat with a loftier, a more patrician, grace.

In reminiscent enthusiasm for the actor in opera, it would never do at all to forget that Maurel was a *singing* actor. There was nothing about him of the half-baked shirker who imagines that a strong voice and a scant six months of hasty vocal preparation are all an "artist" needs to carry a flaming temperament to dizzy triumphs in "Carmen," "Tosca," and "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Otherwise he would not have been a singing actor for two score years. For his voice in its prime I have only the word of others. When I heard him he had long sung less with his voice than with his brain. But he was graduated from the Paris Conservatoire a first prize in vocal art at a time when that prize emphatically meant something, and to the end of his career he remained a most accomplished and polished singer—in the command of vocal color and nuance the superior of even Calvé and Chaliapin.

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Drama

The Muscovites Return

THE Moscow Art Theater opened its return engagement with a new and admirable kind of play. From Dostoevski's "Brothers Karamazoff" M. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko has drawn a series of scenes far fuller than the fragmentary ones presented last year. But he has not attempted to dramatize, that is, to reorganize, the story in terms of another technique. A reader gives the audience the necessary connective narrative, so that the crucial scenes of the novel are presented to the audience precisely as they may be supposed to have played themselves on the theater of Dostoevski's mind. I thought at once of a similar treatment of "Vanity Fair" and of how great a moment in the theater the scene between Becky Sharp and the Marquis of Steyne would make. Here are, I think, endless possibilities quite free of the travesties of the process of dramatization.

It may have had something to do with my mood—such confessions spring not from arrogance but from a right critical humility—but the fact remains that the players from Moscow impressed me more deeply than they had ever done before. And I think I caught for the first time the inner secret of their preeminence. They do not play aspects or phases or dramatic abstracts of people, however pathetic or humorous or clever. They play whole characters. They have utterly and finally

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

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PROGRAM for DECEMBER

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL
Auditorium Lectures: Sundays at 5 p.m., others at 8:30.
Sat. Dec. 1: "French Nationality and Literature." Prof. Dana.
Sun. Dec. 2: "The Brownings." Dr. Durant.
Wed. Dec. 5: "Comte and Mill: Positivism." Dr. Durant.
Sat. Dec. 8: "German Nationality and Literature." Prof. Dana.
Sun. Dec. 9: "Liszt and Rubinstein." Dr. Durant and Miss Rutenberg.
Wed. Dec. 12: "Biology, from Lamarck to Morgan." Dr. Durant.
Sat. Dec. 15: "Scandinavian Nationality and Literature." Prof. Dana.
Sun. Dec. 16: Concert by Maximilian Rose, David Sapiro and others.
Wed. Dec. 19: "Herbert Spencer." Dr. Durant.
Sat. Dec. 22: "Russian Nationality and Literature." Prof. Dana.
Sun. Dec. 23: "Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Halevy." Dr. Durant and Mr. Sapiro.
Wed. Dec. 26: "Heredity, from Mendel to Bateson." Dr. Durant.
Sun. Dec. 30: "Walter Pater." Dr. Durant.
Admission 25 cents.

LABOR TEMPLE FORUM
Sunday Evenings at 8:15.
Dec. 2: "The Passing of Psycho-Analysis." Dr. Will Durant.
Dec. 9: "Recent Developments in Psychical Research." Hereward Carrington, Ph.D.
Dec. 16: "Germany, France, the United States and the Next War." Kirby Page.
Dec. 23: Christmas Program. Labor Temple Boys and Girls.
Dec. 30: To be announced.
Admission Free.

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. EDMUND B. CHAFFEE, Minister.
Sunday Evenings at 7:15.
Mr. Chaffee's subjects are as follows:
Dec. 2: "Exploitation—The Sin of the Ages."
Dec. 9: "Is Prohibition Christian?"
Dec. 16: "The Spirit of Jesus and the Ku Klux Klan."
Dec. 23: "The Meaning of Christmas."
Dec. 30: To be announced.
Admission Free.

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transcended the limitations of mere theatric characterization which Strindberg pointed out so many years ago. There is nothing left here of the tradition of "humors" which hangs on with so tough a persistence in the theater. You cannot describe the people who are being projected here any more easily than you can describe people in life whom you know so well that often you wonder whether you know them at all. The theater is conquered here, the theater which must die in order to live. Yes, the theater, like everything else and despite the pretty entertainments offered by the theatro-technical triflers, must heed the great command of "stirb und werde."

It is heeded here. How? What precisely is the secret of Luzhsky, Katchaloff, Leonidoff, of Yershoff and Podgorny? It is not a secret that can be expressed in terms of training, technique, artistic theorizing. These things are ultimately superficial. I do not know these men personally; I probably never shall; I do not know and do not care whether they are cultured and clever and earnest or the reverse. What I perceive in their playing, what gives them the power of playing as they do, is that they are or have been partakers of the very depths of human experience, that they have lived and sinned and suffered and known resurrection, that they have been partakers of despair and bitterness. Or, if by any chance these things have passed them by personally, they have lived with and beside them and in constant, spontaneous realization of their rootedness in life. Such acting does not and cannot come from lives lived on the outer surfaces of experience, of ball-games and tea-parties and that famous reserve and repression which is so often a hollow bladder spanning emptiness. Among these Russians, behind even the simplest act, there is an instinctive knowledge and acceptance of the tragic character of human life. . . .

Over on Forty-eighth Street the Equity Players are putting on a play by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, called "Queen Victoria." It was Mr. Eaton, it will be remembered, who declared that tragedy is not natural to the American people. Well, in this play the people are all painted dolls with one dimension or stalking abstract qualities of the superficially interesting kind, and the Gladstone dummy should be labeled "the orator," and the Disraeli marionette "the astute flatterer," and the Victoria doll "a good domestic woman," and Mr. Eaton and his actors—except the admirable mime who plays Albert and sees through the hollowness of it all—really and sincerely think that any adequate account of any kind or phase of human life can be given upon terms so shallow. No, man may be wickeder and wilder than that. He is not, thank heaven, so sapless. "Passions spin the plot." He who wrote that was a Victorian poet too.

In the third scene of "The Brothers Karamazoff" the coroner and the prosecutor come to tax Dmitry with the murder of his father. The parts of these two officials are taken by MM. Podgorny and Yershoff. The two parts are theatrically not of the first importance and M. Yershoff especially has but a few words to speak. He sits there and listens. Later he gets up and watches the proceedings and puts on his overcoat and draws on his gloves. Yet I shall never forget that long, white, tired, supercilious face, and I know now what a prosecutor under the Czarist regime was like and what this special prosecutor was like, and I could, I think, write the story of this particular provincial official who had a very low but quite unastonished opinion of human nature and amused himself with the dissipations, not too wild, of his province and cultivated the arts a little and had almost got beyond the chafing of ambition and indeed most human aches and to whom murder seemed more a vulgar thing than anything else and who was going from hearing the pleas and whines of Dmitry Karamazoff, convinced of his merely vulgar guilt, to dine a little wearily at the house of the governor of the province, of whose wife he was quite fond. . . . A theater, you see, that has died to live. "Stirb und werde!"

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Share your Christmas cheer with men in prison

Can you remember where you were on Christmas day seven years ago, and the gifts you received and the gifts you gave; the faces of your friends and the laughter of the children who were there?

Have you ever stopped to think that this will be the *seventh* Christmas the war opinion prisoners have spent in Leavenworth? It's a long time, isn't it?

Let us hope the remaining political prisoners will be home this year to enjoy the Yuletide spirit with their wives and little ones. Let us demand their immediate and unconditional release as a matter of social sanity and simple justice. But let us see to it that they are remembered by us if they are forgotten by the myopic gentlemen who have held them so long and so needlessly behind the bars.

A Christmas fund is being collected for the purpose of sending presents to the men in prison. Share your Christmas cheer with them. Contribute as generously as you can. Send donations to

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